



MAD

NO. 26
AUG 2022

GETS NUTTY OVER GREED



MADNAG.COM



COVER ART FOR MAD #145
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED, SEP 1971
ARTIST NORMAN MINGO



SEVENTY YEARS OF HUMOR IN A JUGULAR VEIN

MAD

NO. 26

AUGUST 2022

WILLIAM M. GAINES FOUNDER

SUZY HUTCHINSON ART DIRECTOR

BERN MENDOZA ASSOCIATE ART DIRECTOR

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS & WRITERS The Usual Gang of Idiots

INSIDE BACK COVER A MAD Fold-In by Johnny Sampson

VARIOUS PLACES Drawn Out Dramas by Sergio Aragonés

COVER ARTIST Mark Fredrickson

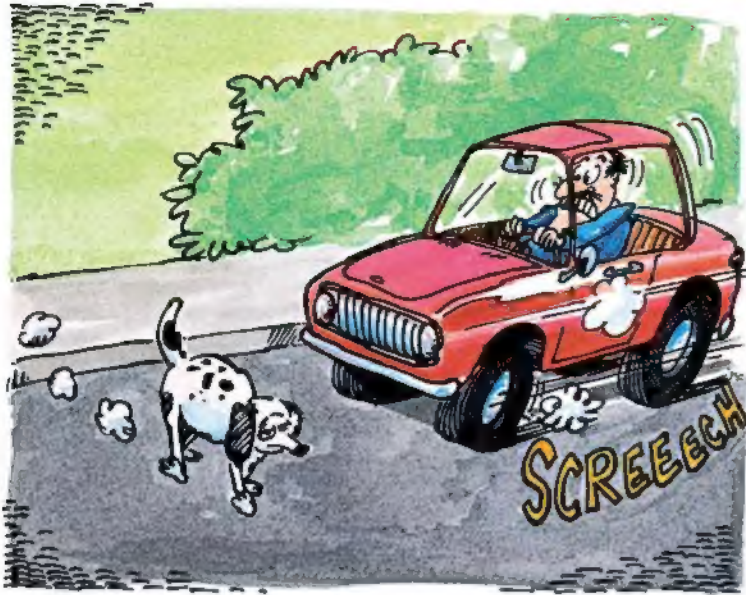
The vintage MAD pieces reprinted in this issue were produced in a time that was less mindful and sensitive to matters of race, gender, sexual identity, religion, and food allergies. The text of these articles is presented mostly unaltered (and with crossed fingers) for historical reference.



Norman Ming

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DOG GONE DOLLARS



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #224, JUL 1981

SPY vs SPY

[illegible]



DONALD YUCK DEPT.

MAD's TRUMPED-UP SCENES FROM THE APPRENTICE



Any apprentice of mine has to be intimidating like me...so I want you all to go home and practice **THIS** pose in the mirror!



Whut? You mean this ISN'T Average Joe? I musta got in the wrong line! Huh-huh!



Now, when I was starting out, there was **no one** to hand *me* anything on a silver platter — well, unless you count my Dad, one of the **biggest** land developers on Long Island!

I say we just **do it!** You think Mr. Trump got where **he** is by asking *permission* to tear down bridges and things?



Don't throw up...don't throw up...it's not roadkill on top of his head — it's just a haircut!



He wouldn't **dare** fire me first! Everyone from Jesse Jackson to Al Sharpton to Johnnie Cochran would be marching on Trump Tower!





I love hanging out with Donald! He's the *only* person in the world who makes *my* hair look good!



The Powerball Lottery jackpot is way, **WAY** up there! If Trump Industries were to go out and buy 100,000,000 tickets...



That's a hysterical joke, sir! And I think I speak for Nick here when I say we'd be laughing **just as hard** if you **COULDN'T** buy and sell our asses a million times over!



Who cares about becoming his apprentice? I'm here to fill the "Ivana" vacancy!



I told him I'm a "people person." He said "Good! I'll put you in charge of evicting people from rent-controlled apartments I want to convert to condominiums!"



Look how far I have to walk from here to the curb! You're **FIRE!**



YOU'RE EXPIRED! DEPT.

When *The Apprentice* turned into *Celebrity Apprentice*, they only forgot one itty-bitty thing. Celebrities! Last season's washed-up wannabes and barely-weres packed all the star wattage of a sputtering bug zapper. Mr. Donald Trump is a man accustomed to the best in life. Therefore, any celebrity project bearing the Trump name should reflect the unforgettable, shared moments of human culture. The Roman Empire! The Renaissance! Shaving Vince McMahon's head on pay-per-view! So don't ask how it's happened, just root for the history-making superstars as they fight to become...

THE DEAD

I'm Donald Trump, welcoming you to the **Trump Boardroom** of the **Trump Organization**, atop magnificent **Trump Tower**! This is my oily son, **Donald Trump Jr.**, and my waxy daughter, **Ivanka Trump**! **Trump Trump Trump, Trump Trump Trump!** Let the fruit of my groinal **Trumpatozoa** fill you in with the details!

Don't let my slack, inert face fool you! On the inside, I'm a seething cauldron of emotion! And last season's cast of **mediocrities** made me sick! That's why we spared no expense to pervert genetic science in a deeply **obscene way**! Presenting the members of **Team Zombie**!

Bow to **Cleopatra**! As **Queen of Egypt**, I held unimaginable power! And my millions of subjects treated my every utterance as the received wisdom of a living god. Think **Oprah**, but without the **Book Club**!

They called me the **Babel**! The **Bambino**! The **Sultan of Swat**! I'm fat enough for three nicknames! I led my teams to **ten World Series**! I only wish they had **steroids** back then. I could have won **twenty championships**! Including the **Kentucky Derby**! And not as a jockey, either!



How right you are, **Jesus**! Each of us must face **personal damnation** or **salvation** at that moment of **supreme judgment**! And that'll all be handled by **Dad**, in the **Dead Celebrity Apprentice boardroom**! Introduce yourselves, **Team Sarcophagus**!

I may be a **hunka hunka rotting flesh**, but I'm **1,000% confident** that I'll win this **competition**! Of course, I **ALSO** thought I'd live to be **45** on a daily diet of **pig's feet, peanut butter** and **prescription drugs**!

To be on **Dead Celebrity Apprentice**, or to be on **Celebrity Rehab**, that is the **question**! Because between **thou** and **me**, I hath got a pretty strong **addiction to meat**! As a **keen observ'r** of the **human condition**, I will have much to speak upon my **experiences** here. And you can check it all out on <http://www.bardofavon.blogspot.com/>!

CELEBRITY APPRENTICE

To restore **Germany's** glory,
I plunged her into a **ruinous** war!
As a **shrimpy, black-haired nebbish**,
I promoted the ideal of the **blonde**
Aryan superman! Now, as a virulent
racist and **anti-semitic**, I've decided
to chill out with a **media job** in the
racially pure world of **show business!**
Hmmm...maybe it just ain't
my **millennium!**

Why, it's me, **Groucho Marx!** The **pleasure is mine**, being on a series with **The Donald!** I think I'd rather be with **The Mickey** and **The Goofy!** What a show! You mean I got up from a **dead sleep** for **THIS**, when I could be home, **decomposing my memoirs?** I'd call my **agent** to complain, but he died in **1929!**

I am Emperor Nero! I was a hated leader with daddy issues who seized power under mysterious circumstances, bankrupted my country, and dawdled while one of our major cities was destroyed! Nevertheless, 55% of the Roman citizens said I'm the tyrant they'd rather have a beer with!

I tell you, on the **day of judgment** you will have to give an account for every **careless word** you utter; for by your **words** you will be **justified**, and by your **words** you will be **condemned**!



As your 37th President, my many enemies called me the most paranoid, ruthless, sneaky and contemptible man ever to hold the office! For this backstabbing show, I'm slightly underqualified!

Dooby dooby doo!
Old Blue Eyes is back,
 this time from the **gravel**!
 The name "**Frank Sinatra**"
guarantees results! In my
 career, I was responsible
 for **203 hits!** Or **208 hits,**
 if you believe the **FBI files!**

Representing the **gallant patriots** of the **American Revolution**, I am **Betsy Ross**! Almost **nothing** is known about my **life**. I'm pretty much famous for **sewing a flag**, and that's it! Hey, it's more of a **résumé** than **Omarosa's**!

I'm pro wrestling legend **Andre the Giant**, and I'm a major "**get**" for any reality TV series! At 500 pounds, I could be on ***The Biggest Loser!*** I could reunite with **Hulk Hogan** on ***Hogan Knows Best!*** And with so many choreographed matches, I'm a natural for ***Dancing with the Stars!*** Heck, I could even be on ***Survivor*** — as the island!

This is a cutthroat, anything-goes competition that only one of you will survive! But first, Jesus Christ will give us one of His famous pep talks!

What shall it profit a man if he gains the whole world but loses his soul? It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the Kingdom of Heaven! You cannot serve both God and Money! Love others as well as you love yourself!

I'm just not following You, J-Dawg! Does not compute! No wonder You only had one best-selling book, while I've had a dozen! Your holy message of honesty, love, peace and forgiveness won't last ten minutes in today's TV programming! I hate to do it, but Jesus...YOU'RE FIRED!

Father, forgive him, for he knows not what he does!



Before we begin, I know there are some of you who've never even heard of New York City! Raise your hands. I'm seeing Shakespeare, Nero, Cleopatra...and BABE RUTH? Didn't you play for the Yankees?

I don't know, possibly! **Burp!** I was pretty wasted!



I thought long and hard about what would be a good task to kick the proceedings off. I wanted it to be totally fair to both sides! The first challenge will be a flag-sewing competition!

Awwwwww, BOOOO-yeah! In your FACE, Hitler!



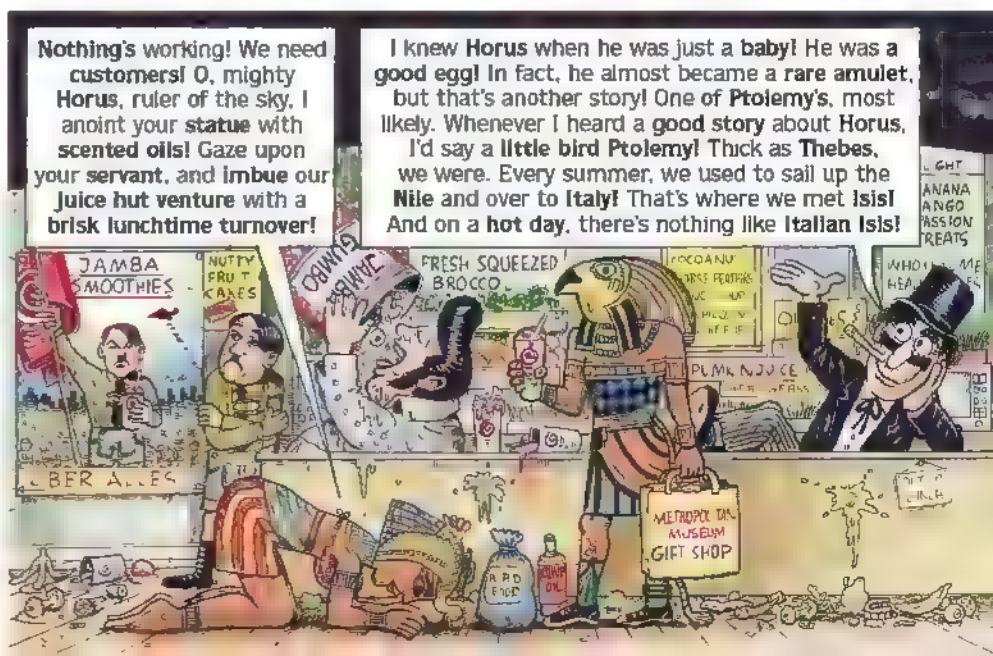
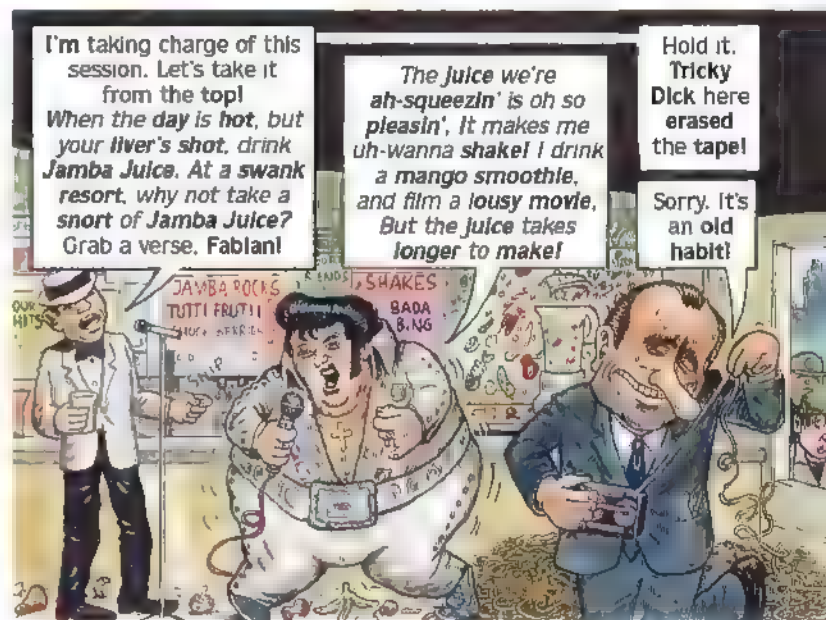
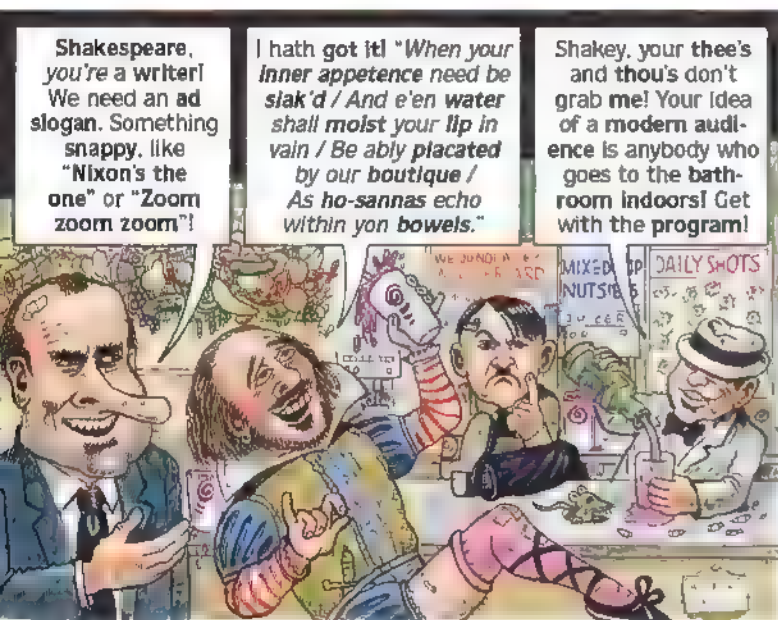
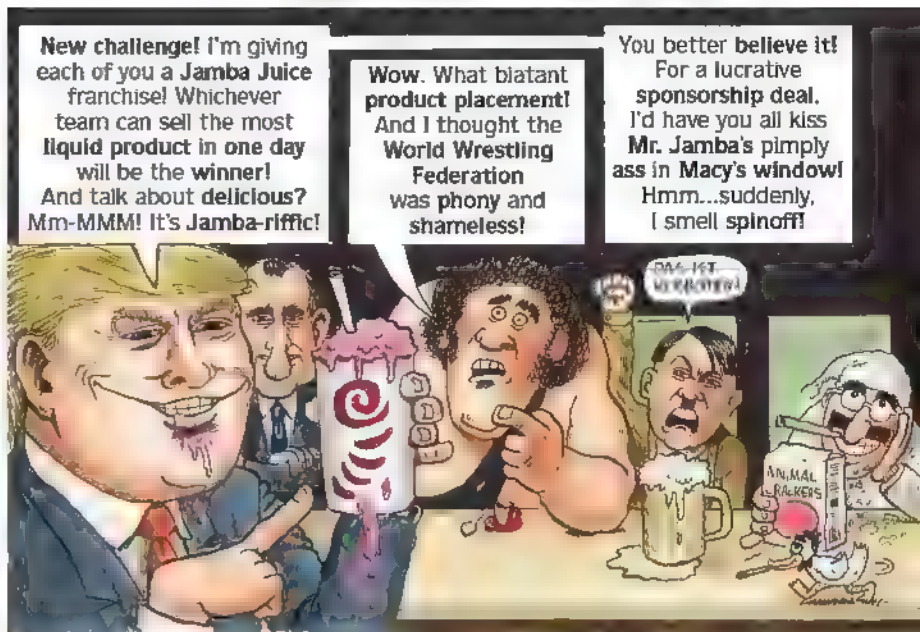
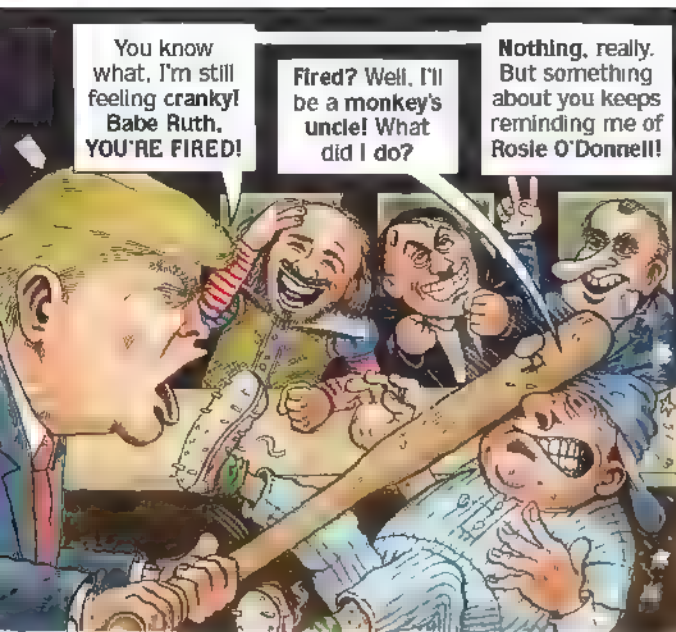
I sure do remember Flag Day back in 1927! I belted three home runs, two taxi drivers, and a cop!

Big boy, I can almost see you now, slugging those home runs in Yankee Stadium. But I can't see Yankee Stadium! An old joke, I admit. But I haven't gotten a dime from NBC in fifty years, and they get what they pay for! If you've got a dime, that joke can be yours. Pay me a quarter, and I'll never tell it again! Now that's a deal you can't beat with a stick! But don't take my word for it. For 50 cents, I'll sell you a stick!



This hackneyed design is yesterday's news! Team Zombie's composition has much more appeal! Betsy, YOU'RE FIRED!



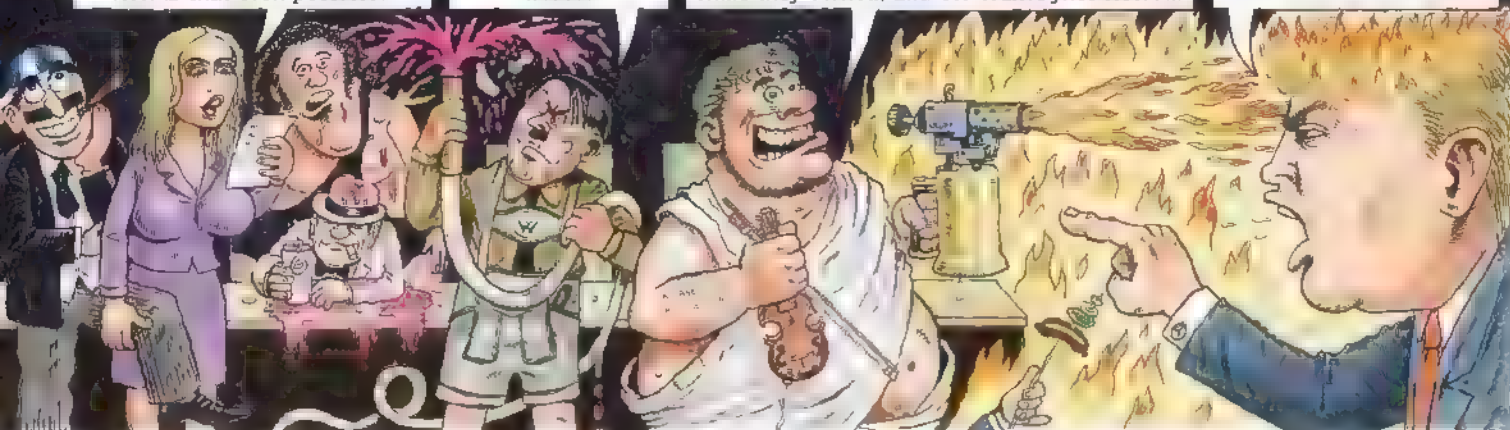


These totals are shocking! Team Sarcophagus did very well, selling 182 gallons! But Team Zombie unloaded 750,000 gallons of Jamba Juice! How is that even possible?

German efficiency! I secretly connected our juice supply to the New York Fire Department's hoses!

And I put the flaming torch to several local structures — Trump Towers, Trump Plaza, the Trumpapoltan Mysevm of Art, Trump Grain Silo, Trump Lanes Bowling Emporivm and the Trump Interspecies Brothel! Then I fiddled while they burned, and ovr team's juice flowed!

Nero, you toga-wearing twit! There's no profit margin in smoke inhalation! I'm angry about YOUR FIRES! Therefore, YOU'RE FIRED!



It's also come to my attention that a certain crooked contestant has diverted some of the Jamba Juice into his own secret "slushie fund"! Let me make one thing perfectly clear. Nixon, YOU'RE FIRED!

Aw, #\$*%! Not again!



I've decided to shake the game down to its very foundations! I'm taking ALL the members of Team Zombie, and I'm switching them for all the members of the other team! And vice versa!

Way to go, Dad!

That's the kind of meaningless dramatic twist that reinvigorates an otherwise stale and tiresome formula!

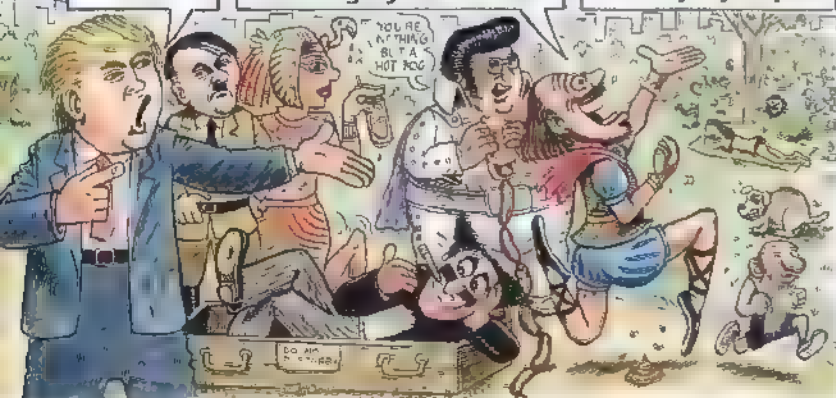
And we're not just saying that to suck up to you because we know that somewhere out there, there's a hot, unknown 14-year-old with a Slovakian accent that you will some day end up marrying and will try to talk you into cutting us out of your will!



Dead celebrities, your next task is to create a new promotion for Central Park!

Ah, look at all this open space! "When I have seen the emerald sprawl unfurl / 'T would ebb and bloom yet ne'er cause breach / Any man may think himself an earl / As Nature claims its glory and its reach."

Sickening, isn't it? If the City Council had half a brain between them, they'd let me bulldoze the whole meadow area, and put up a modest, unobtrusive 68-story skyscraper!



The Central Park Children's Zoo is for kids! Kids don't pay for rent, or gasoline, or groceries. Kids equal disposable cash! I propose we transform the zoo into Manhattan's first casino!

If we're going to build a casino, let's make the floors nice and soft! It was always tough on my back, passing out on stage!



Toll harder, slaves!
Work without ceasel
Or your Queen swears
you will never live to
see Ra's sunset!

It's a little under-
stated, but I like it.

They gave me this job because
I'm a well known chiseler! I only
wish I knew how to spell ~~it~~! Say,
it's getting dark. Could you send
someone in here with a flash-
light? Preferably a young blonde!
Make it **two blondes**, and you can
forget about the flashlight!

Daddy,
why are
you
glowering
9%
more
than
normal?

Because the dead celebrities wrecked the park with
their illegal construction, New York has yanked my
real estate license! Atlantic City's pulled my gaming
license! I.M. Pei, Pink Floyd and Dick Clark Productions
are all suing us for plagiarizing their pyramid!
But the capper was landscaping Central Park's water
reservoir into the shape of a swastika! That was too
tasteless... even for me! Hitler, YOU'RE KAPUT!

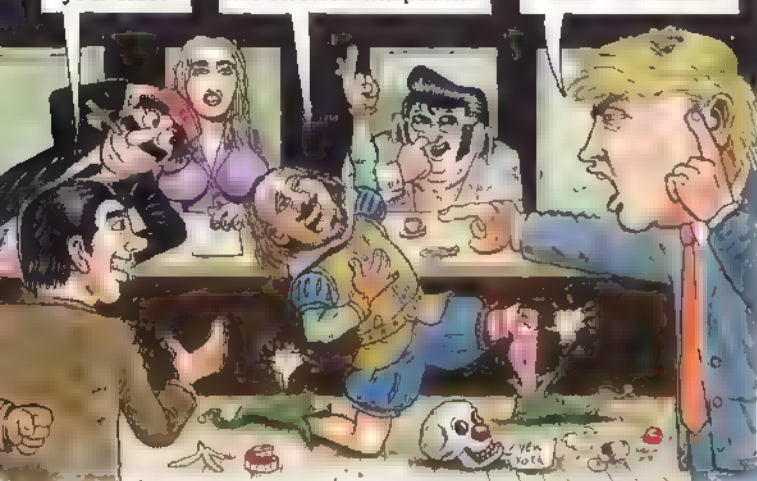
Achl
Today
NBC,
tomor-
row
The
Surreal
Life 15!



Shakespeare,
what do
you think
went wrong
for
your side?

"Our best-laid plans are
ended. We are felled, /
Undone by o'er-wrought
ambition and haste."
Or in other words,
we screwed the pooch!

Under this
magnificent hair,
I've got a
splitting headache!
Shakespeare,
THOU ART FIRED!



I'm in a mean mood! I went
seven whole minutes without
being on camera! Elvis, you're
fired! Groucho, you're fired!
Andre the Giant, you're fired!
Ivanka, you're fired, too!

Me? But I'm your
own daughter!
And besides, I'm
not even a dead
celebrity!

That can be
taken care
off! Here,
Donald Jr.
Double your
inheritance!



We're
down to
the final
two,
Frank
Sinatra
and
Cleopatra!

Cleo, using slave
labor on a major
construction site
is something so
hatefully low, even
I haven't done it.
Though I've certainly
DREAMED about it!

Mr. Trump, I've always
been attracted to pow-
erful men! You remind
me of Julius Caesar!
I'd love to talk about
the similarities back
in my antechamber!

Now
THAT'S
the art
of the
deal!
Sinatra,
YOU'RE
FIRED!



Not so fast, Richie
Rich! I think this is
a good time to
call in some of MY
celebrity contacts!
Say hello to your
new silent partners,
Trumpsky!

How'd you
like to give up
hosting *Dead
Celebrity
Apprentice*,
and become a
contestant?

Gurkl! I may have
misspoken! From
one Chairman
of the Board to
another Mr. Frank
Sinatra, YOU
are the winner!

And
I
did
it
my
way,
Jack!





HOLLYWOOD DEPT.

The Bank Examiner

Scenes We'd Like to See



WRITER GEORGE MANDEL

ARTIST JOE ORLANDO



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #37 JAN 1958

Joe Orlando

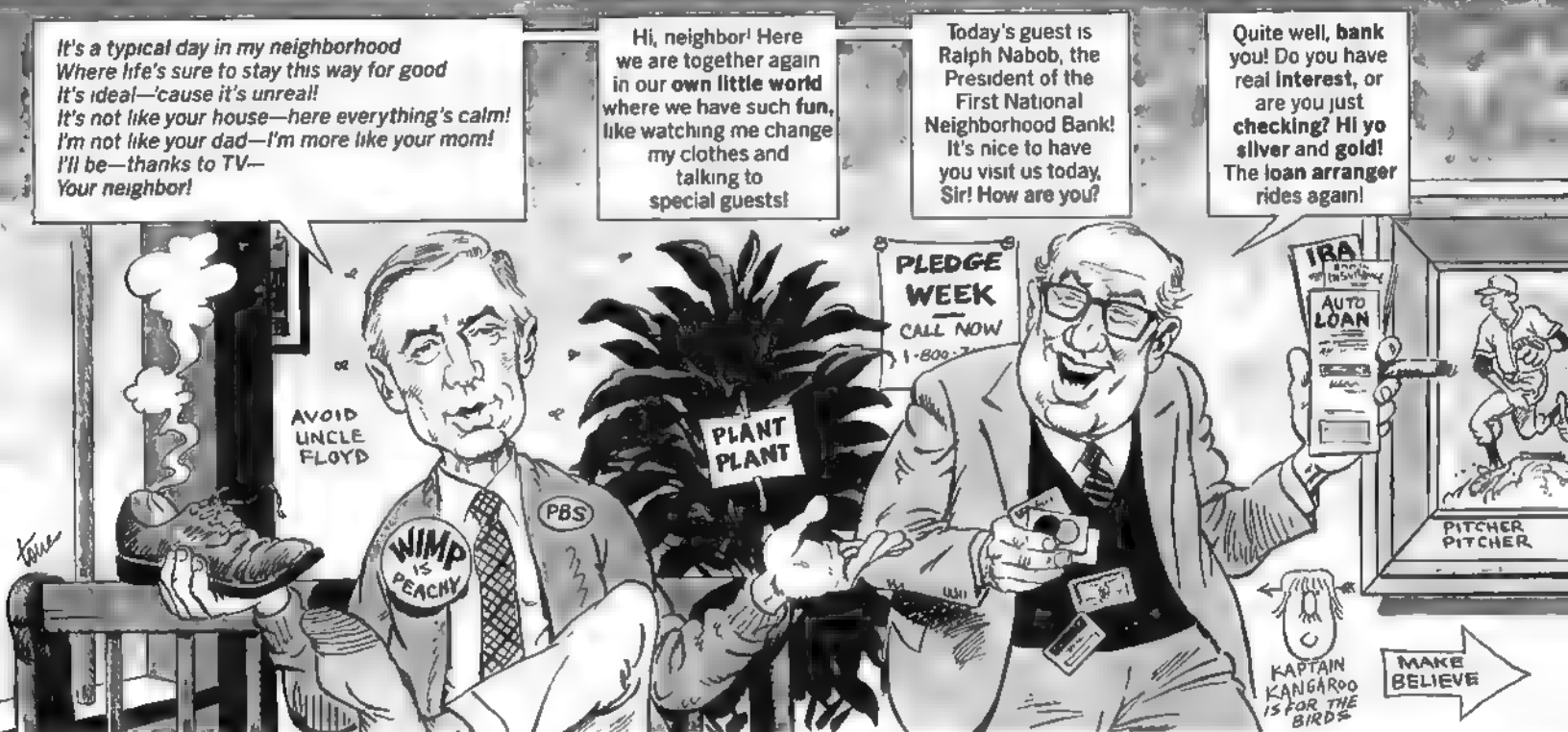




What do you get when you cross mutual funds, T-bills, mortgages and Keough plans with some crude puppets, a few sappy songs and a host who talks like a ten-year old? You get...

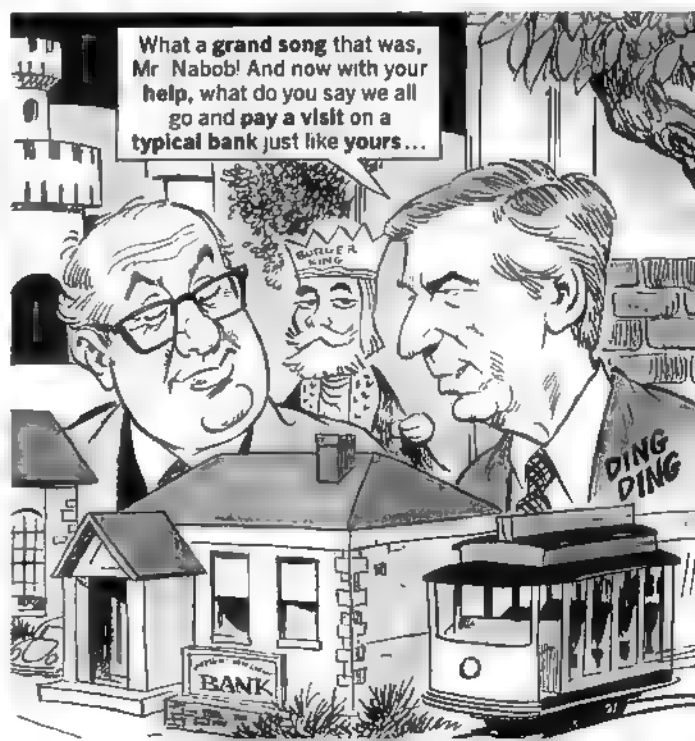
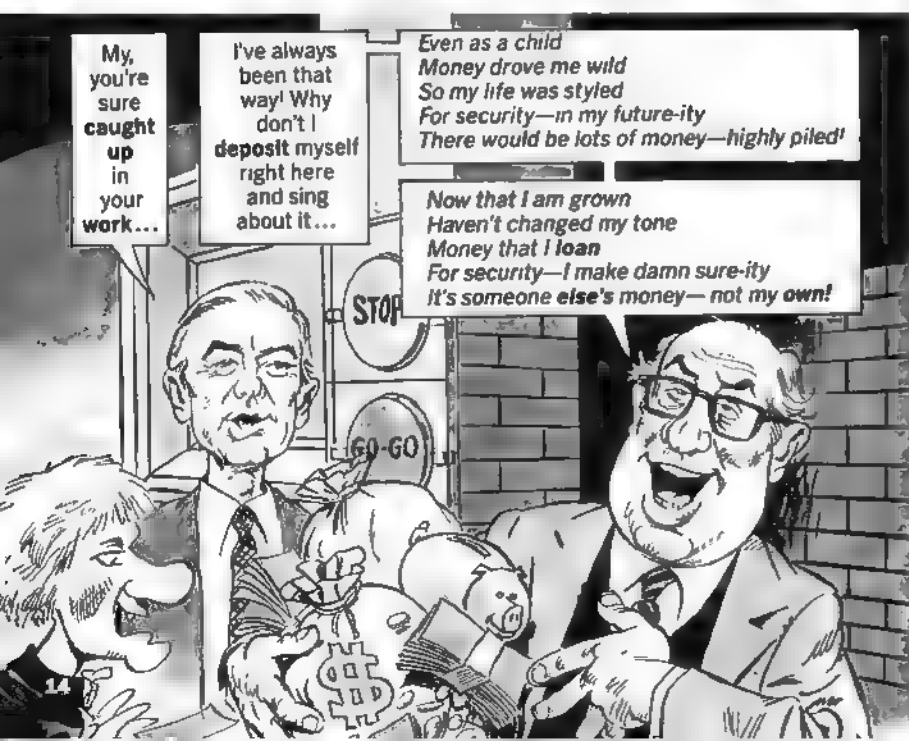
MR. JOLLY ROGERS' NEIGHBORHOOD

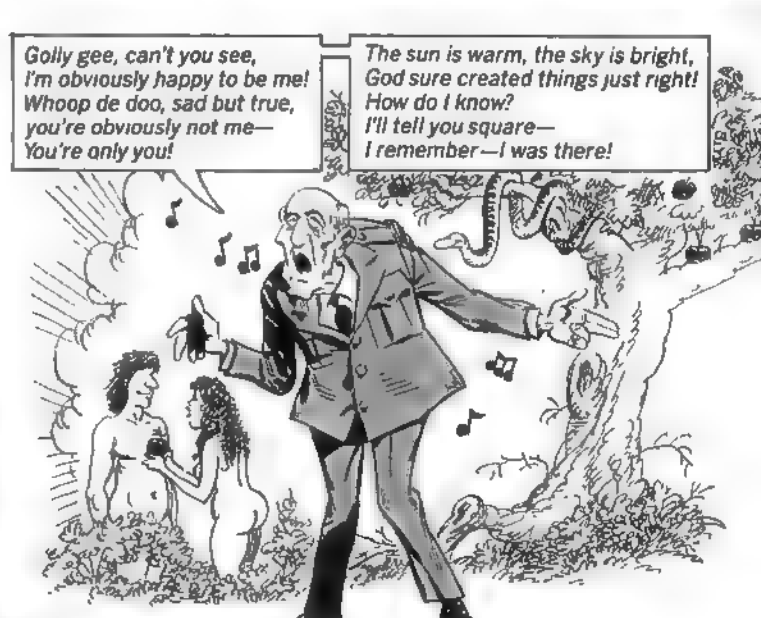
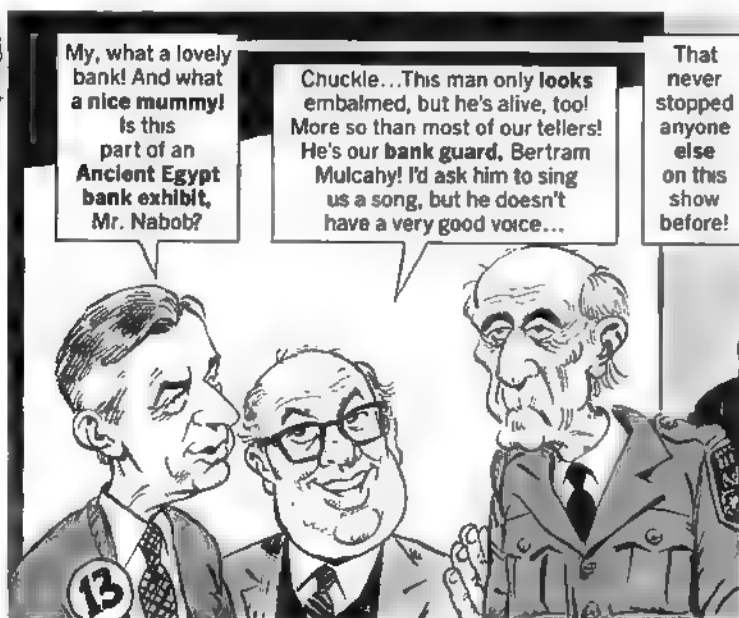
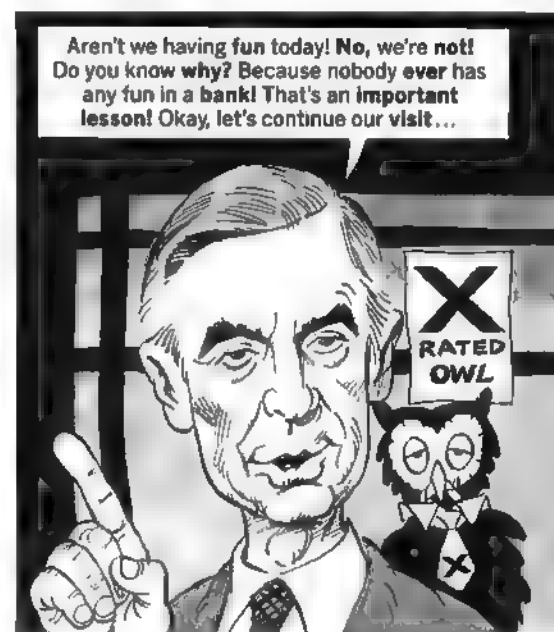
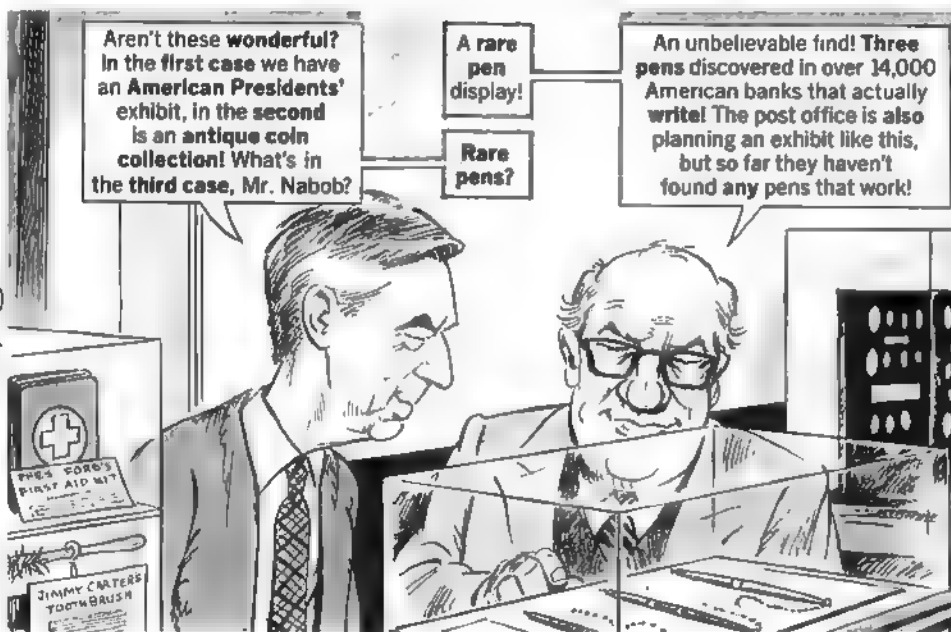
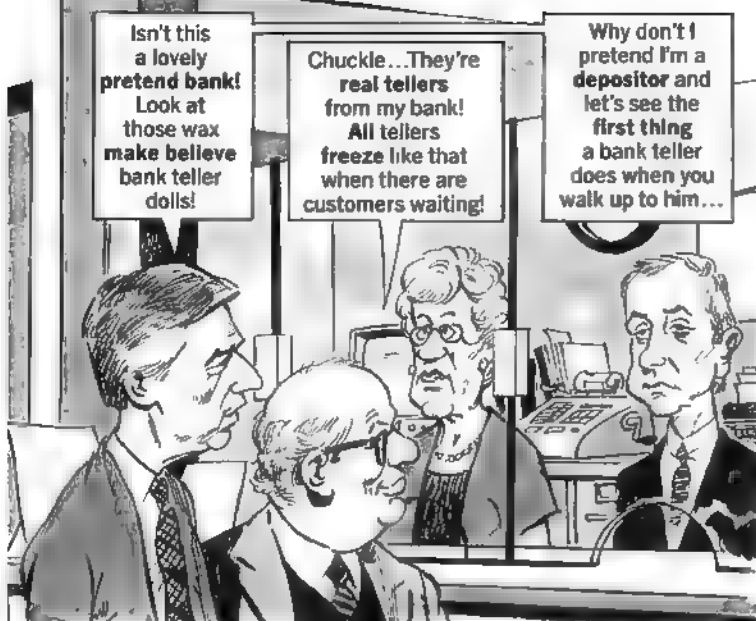
VISITS A LOCAL BANK

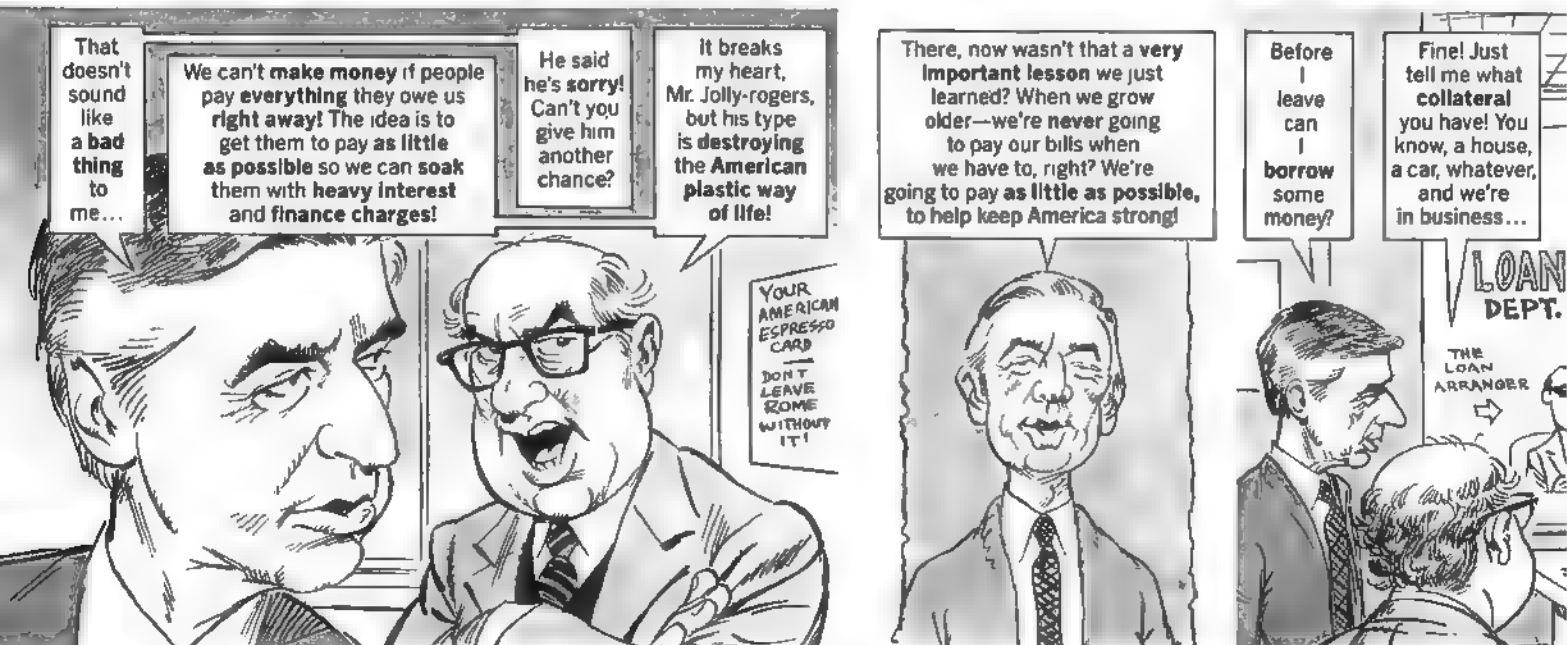
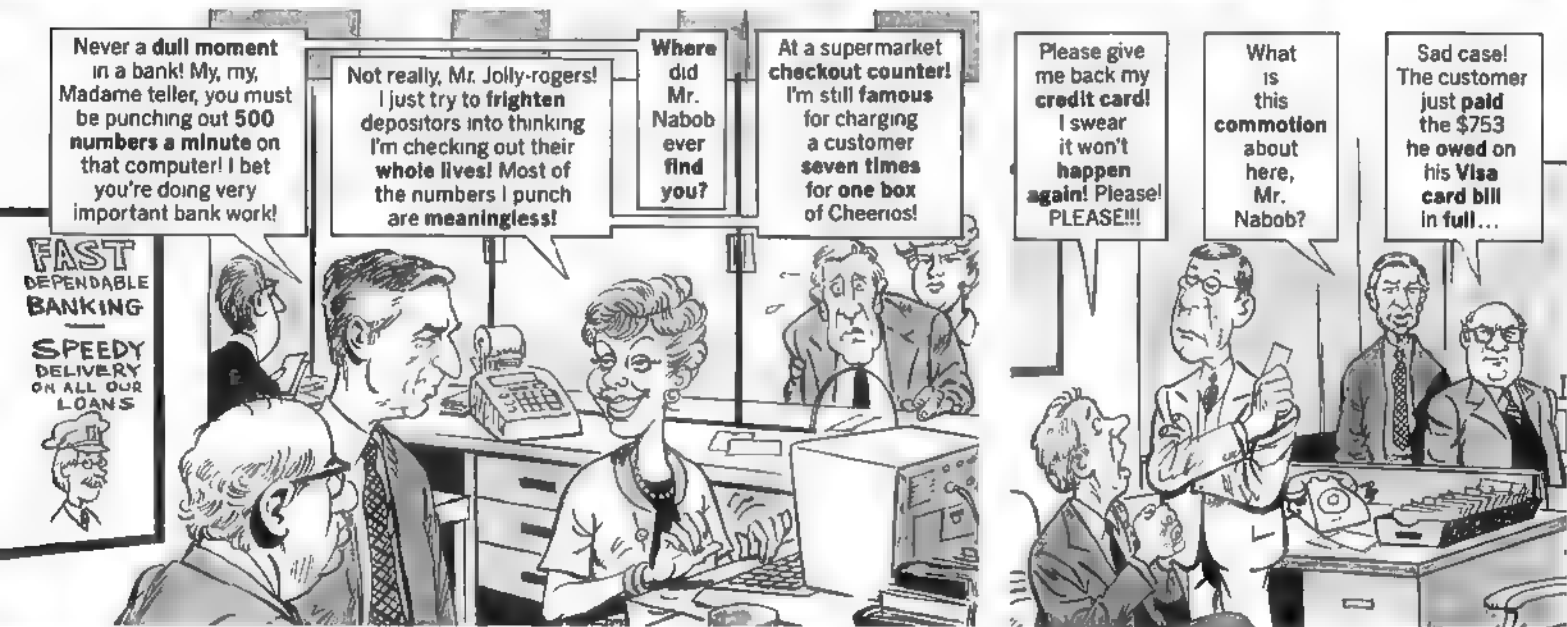
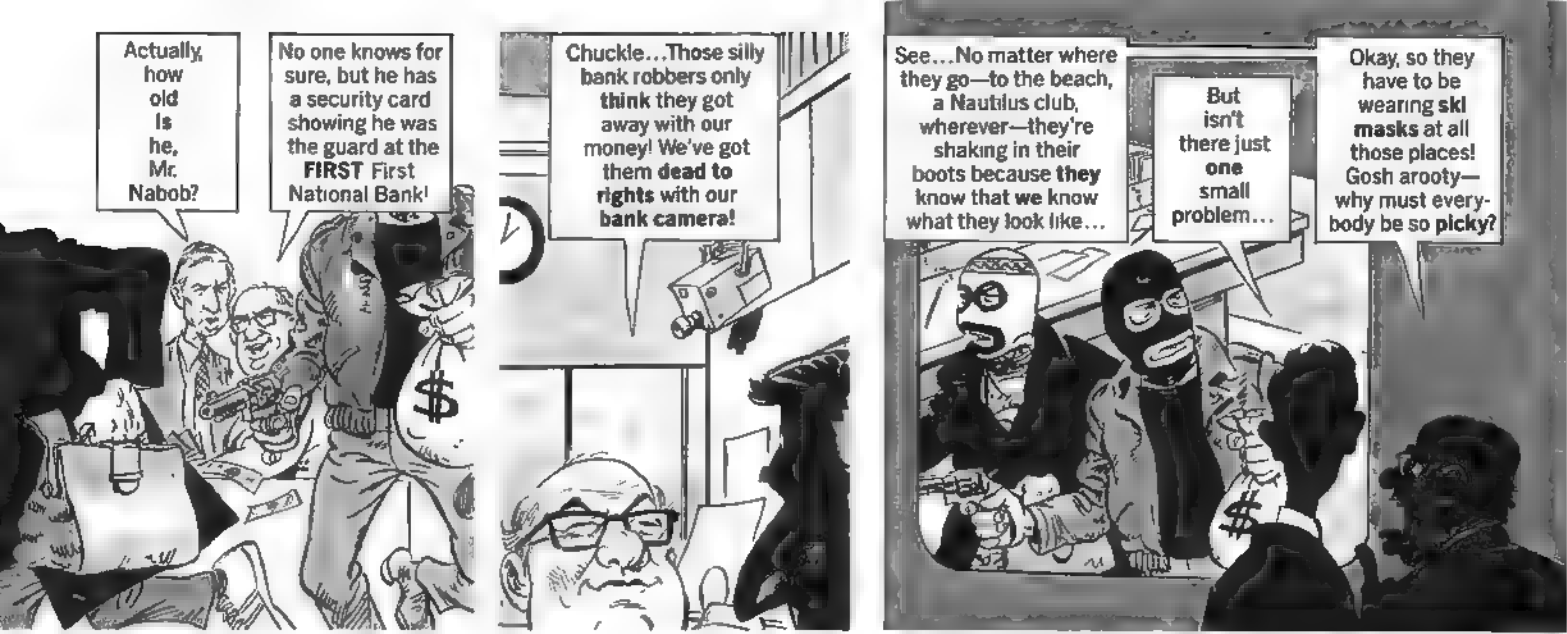


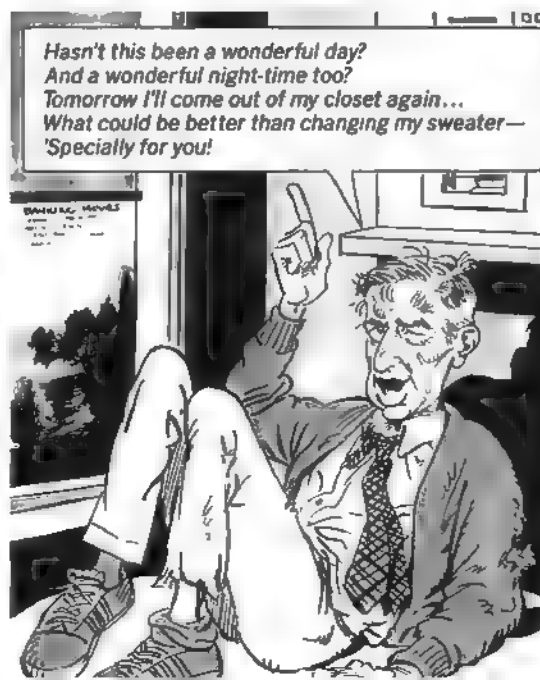
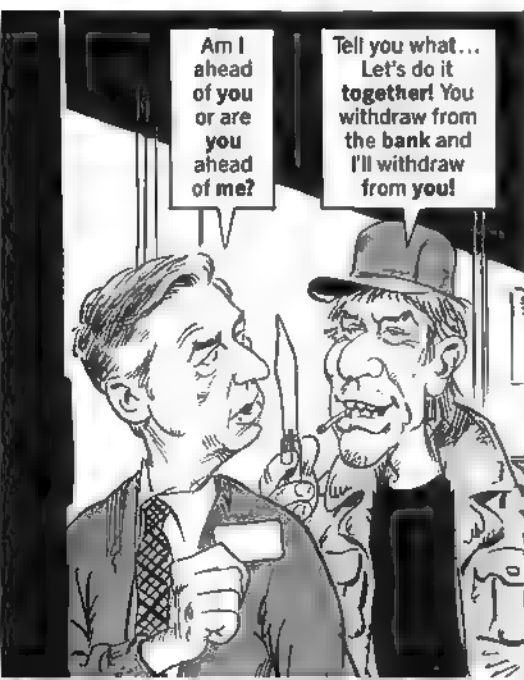
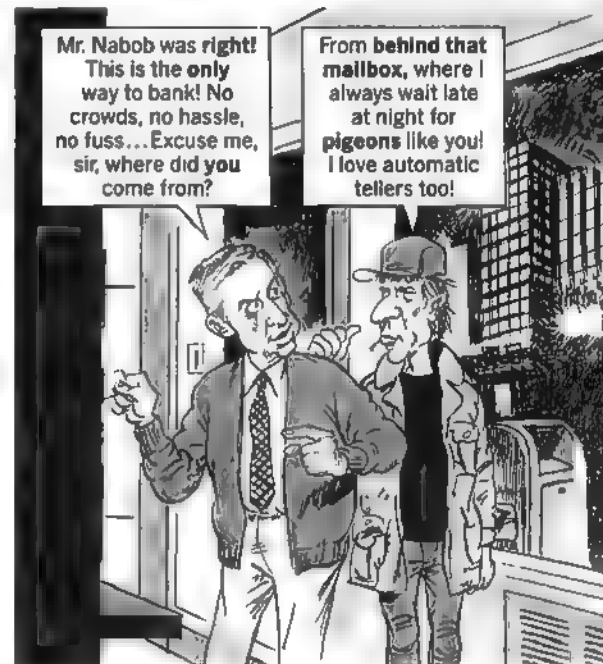
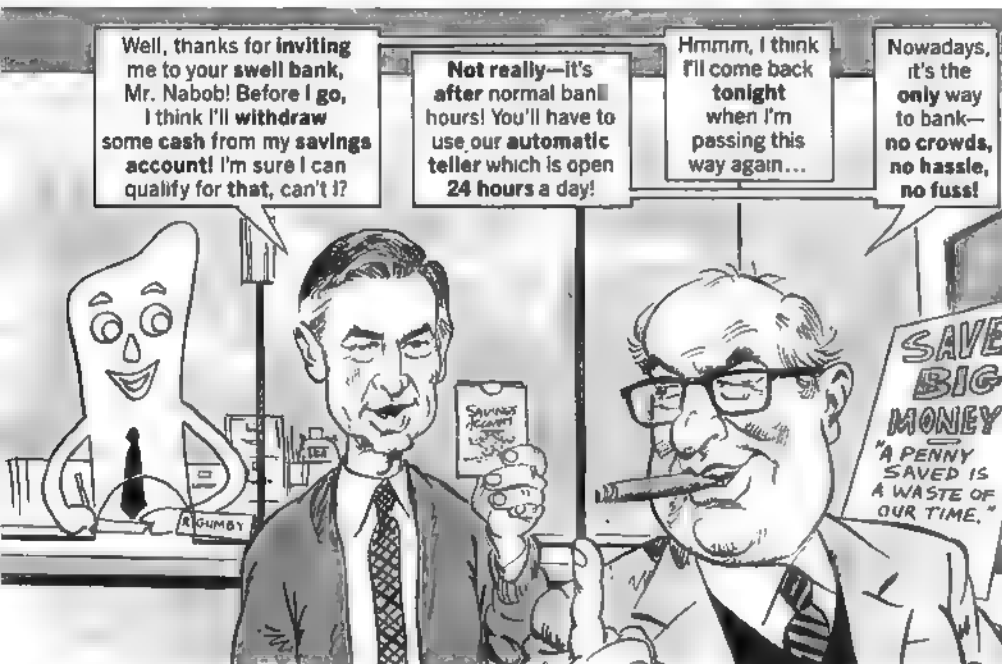
WRITER LARRY SIEGEL

ARTIST ANGELO TORRES









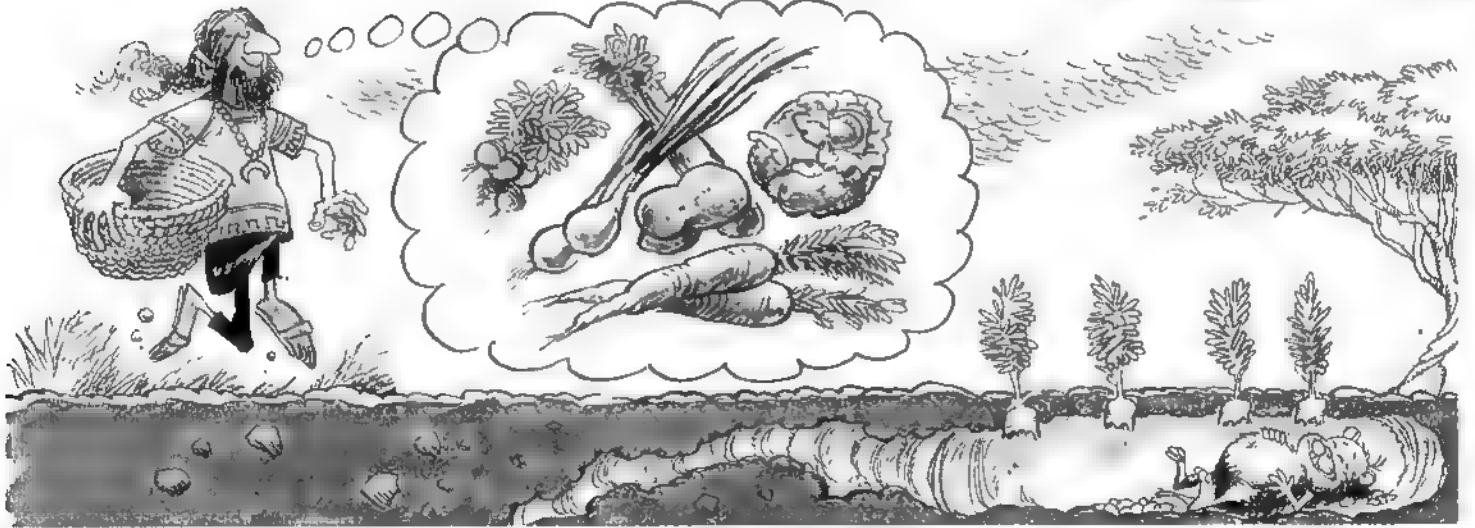
WISHFUL

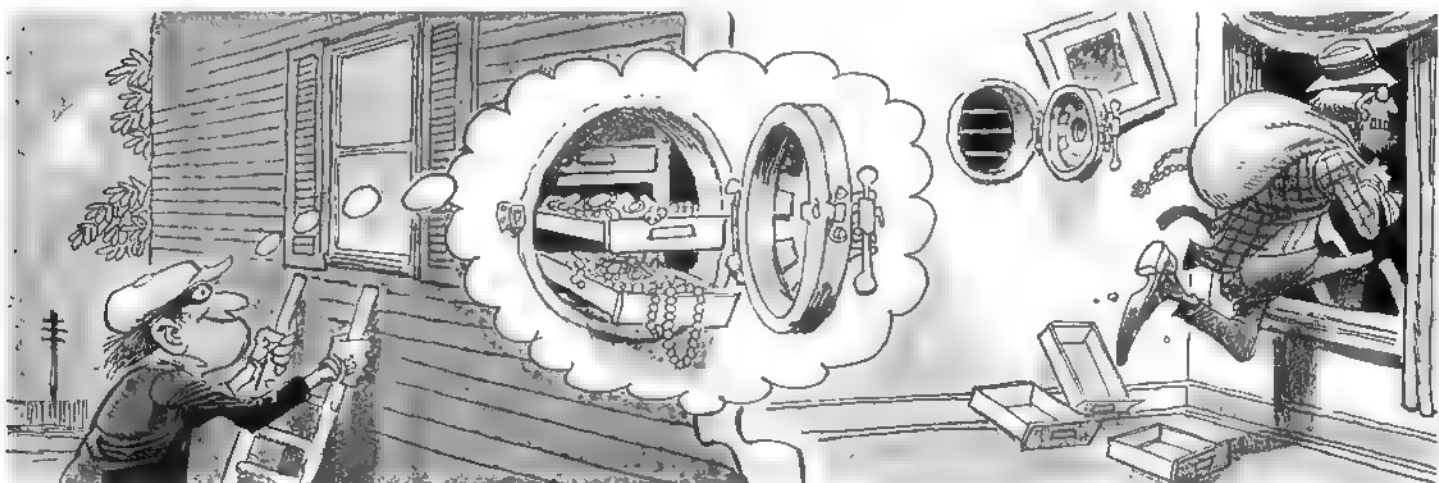
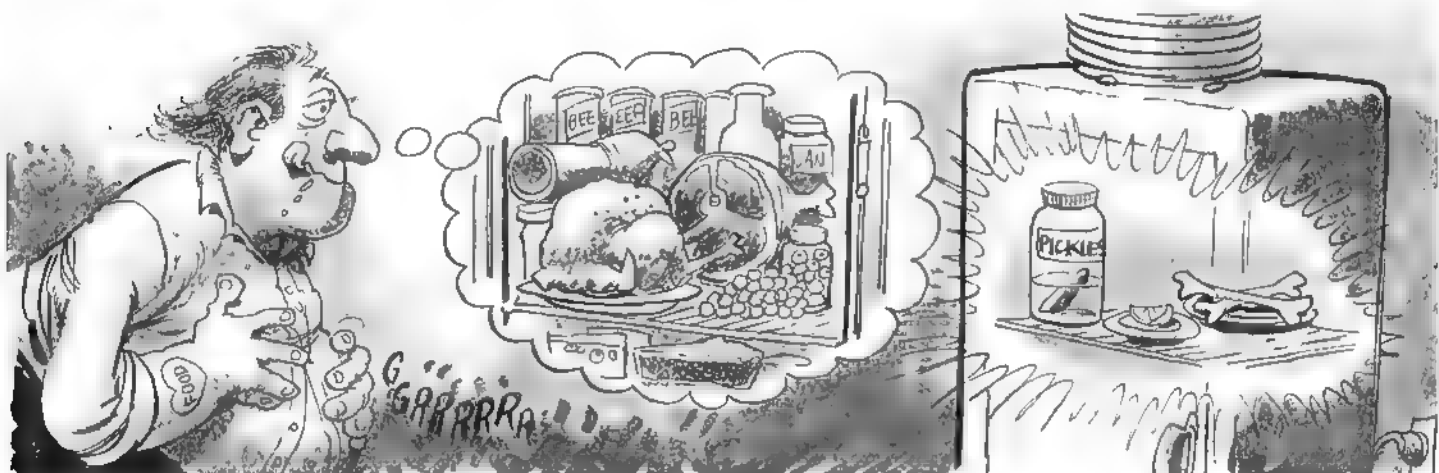
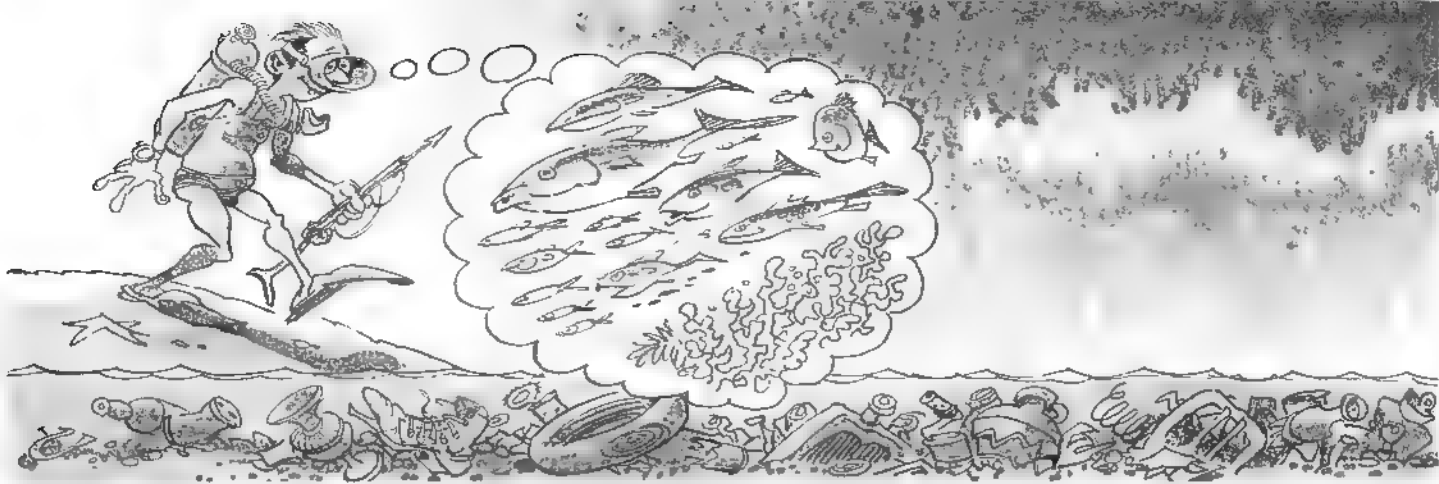


THINKING

WRITER PAUL PETER FORGES

ARTIST JACK DAVIS







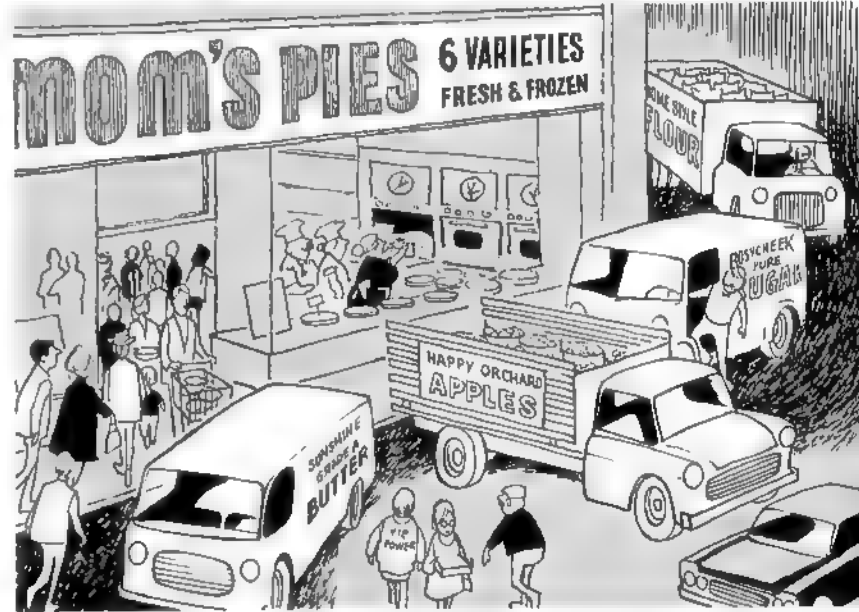
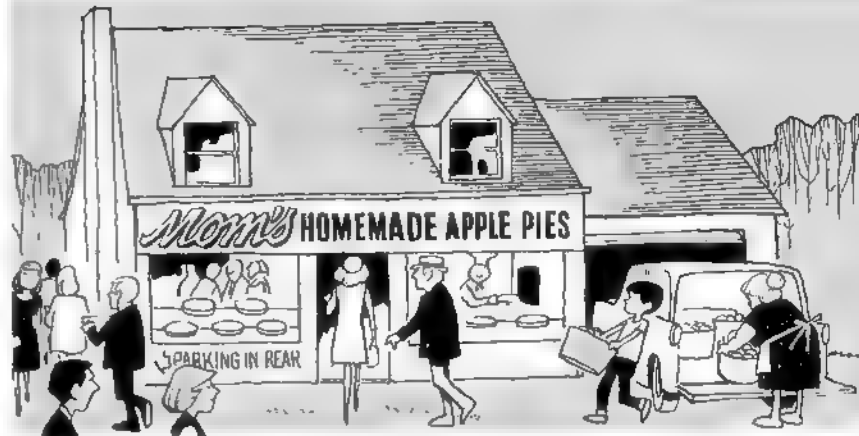
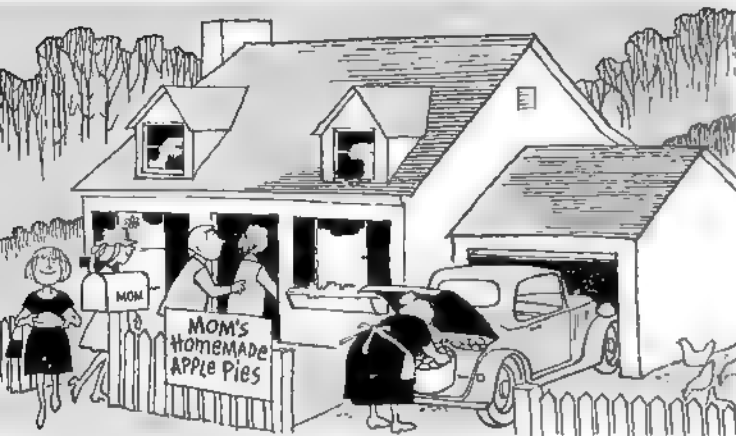
INFERIORITY COMPLEX DEPT.

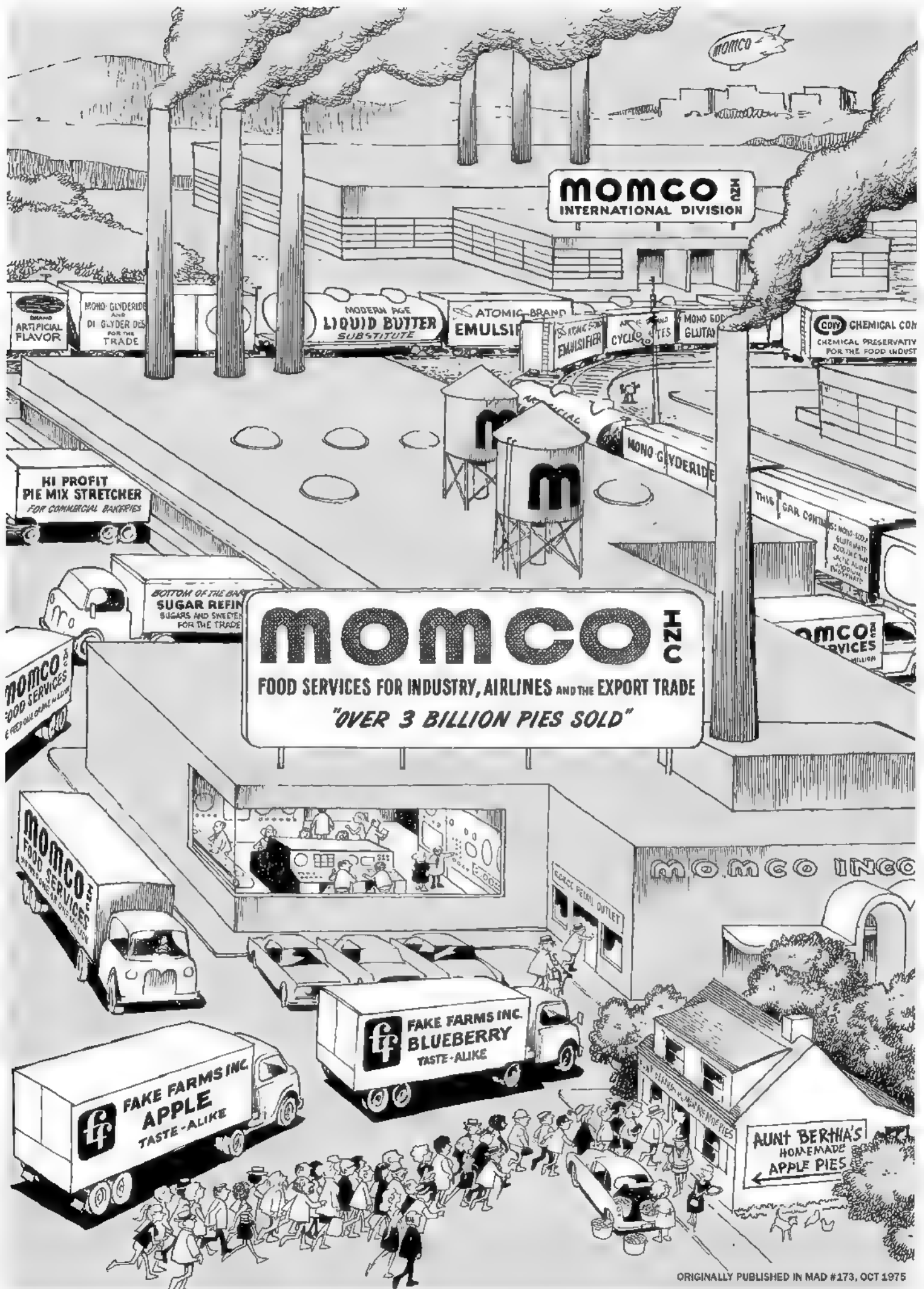


A MODERN BUSINESS SUCCESS STORY

WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST BOB CLARKE





A SCENE WE'D LIKE TO SEE

EXXON



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #290, OCT 1989

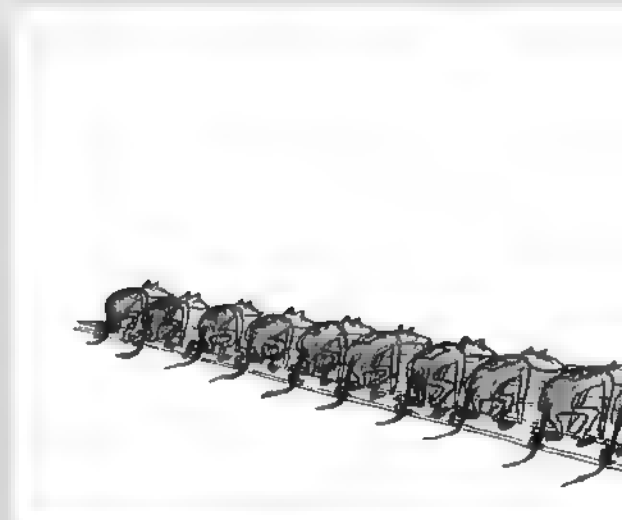
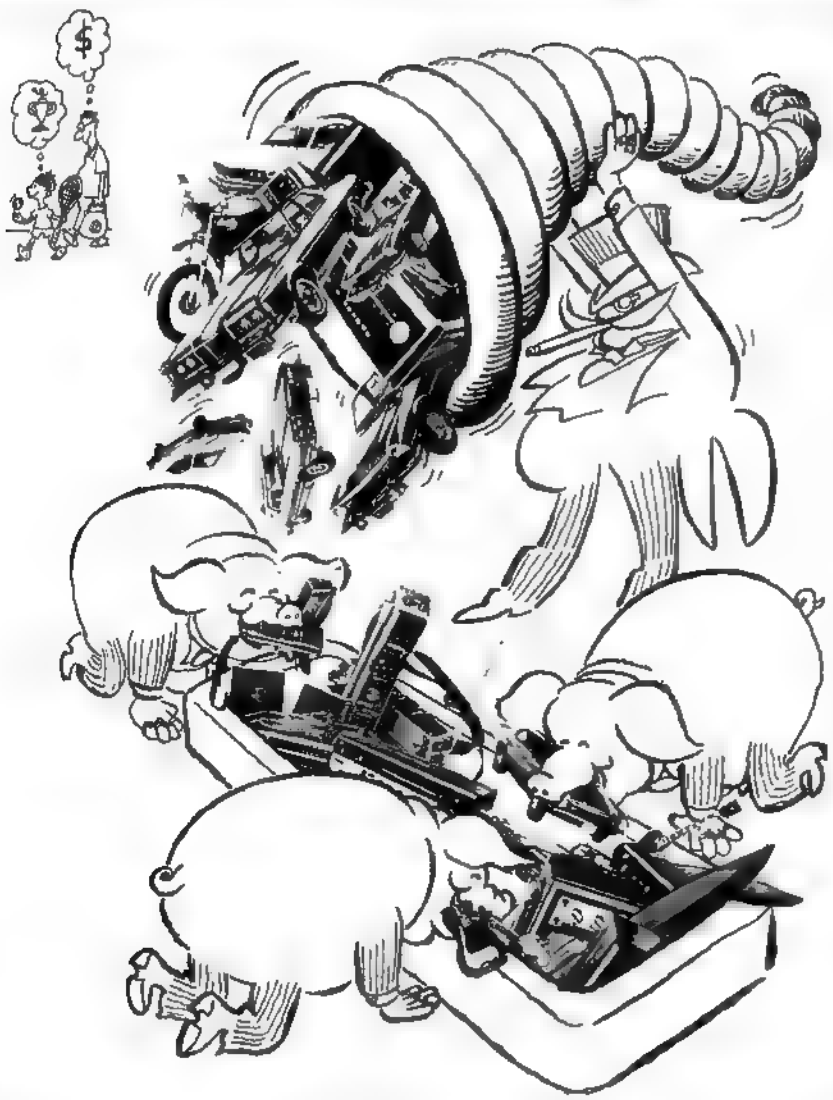
ANOTHER
MAD
MINI-
POSTER



POSSESSION IS 9/10THS OF THE LURE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT OUR

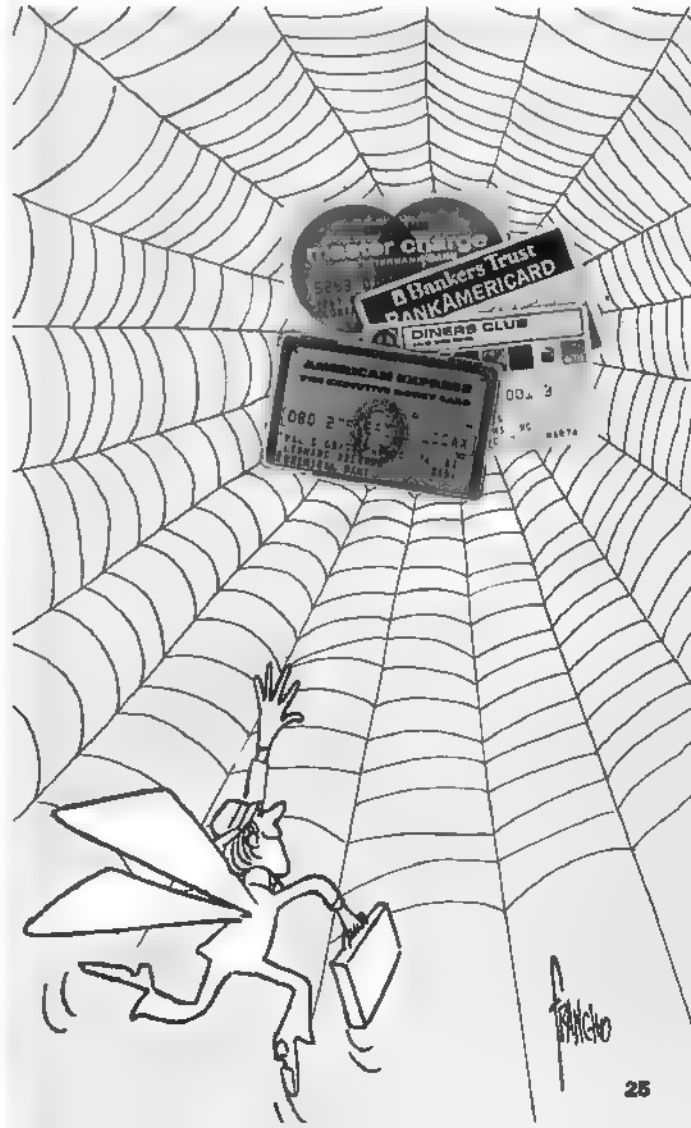
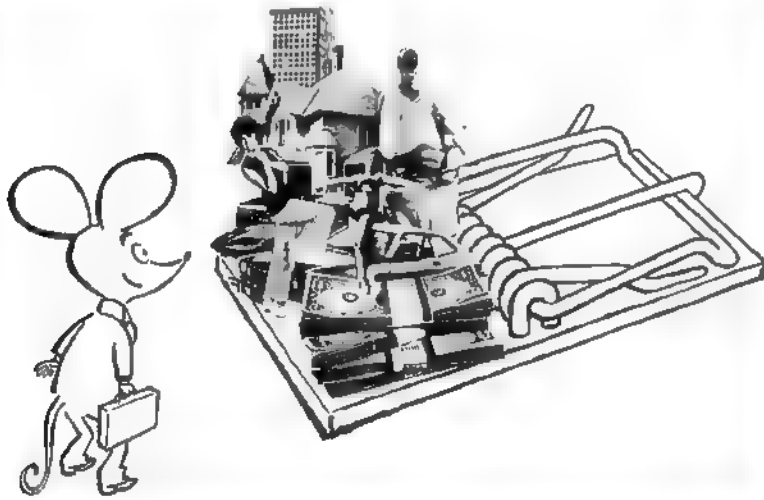
WRITTEN BY ARTIST ARNOLDO FRANCHIONI



CONSUMER SOCIETY

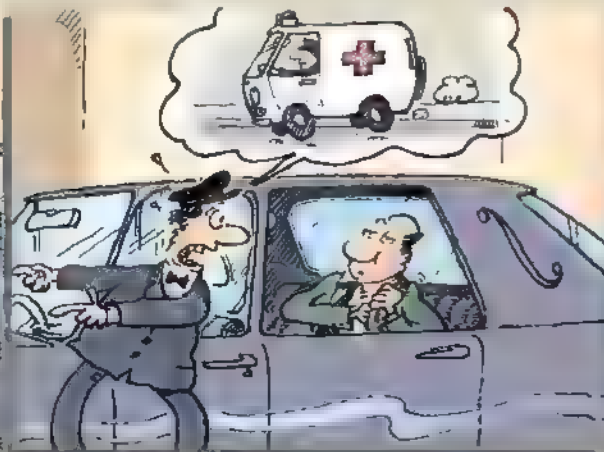
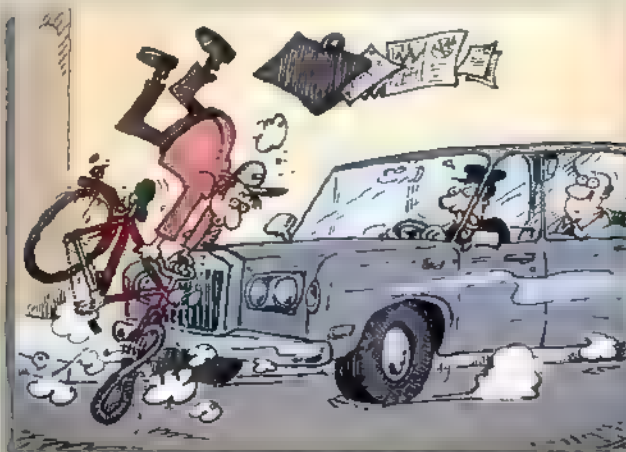
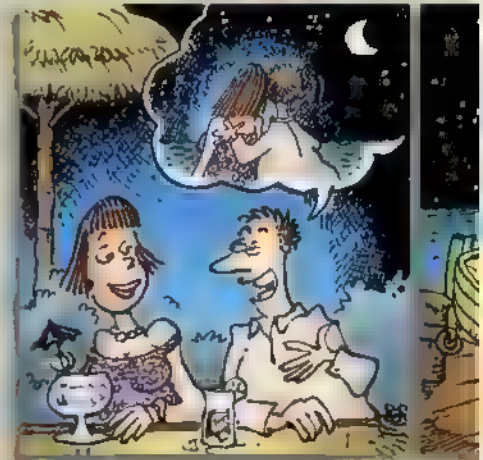
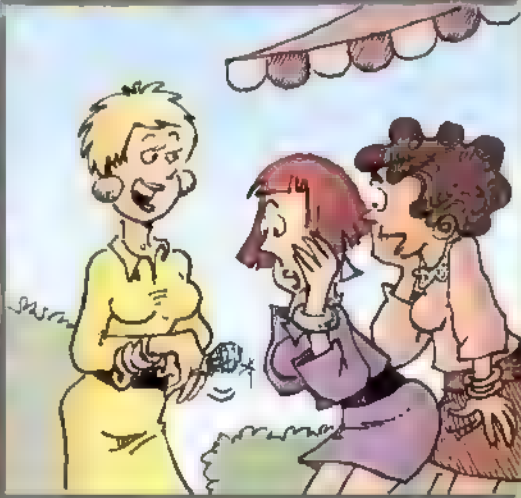
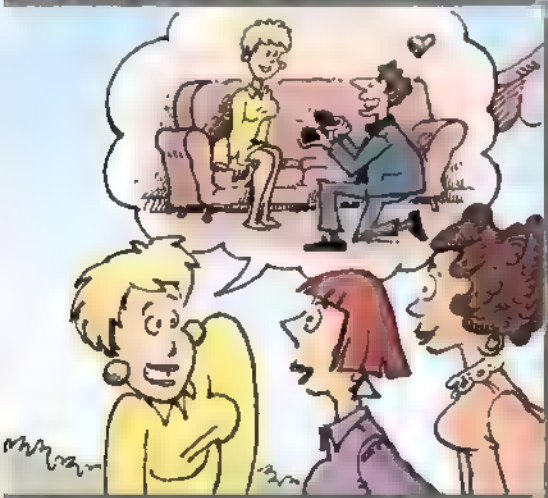
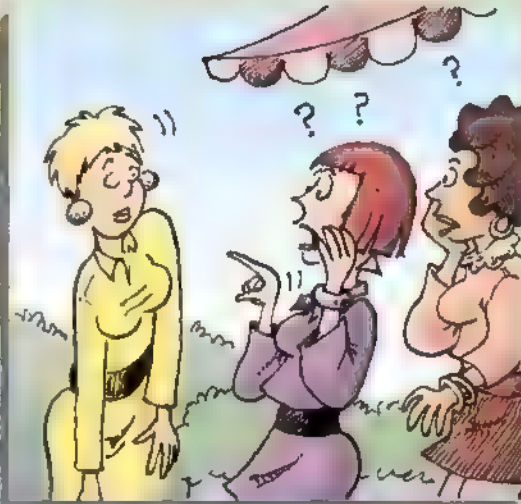
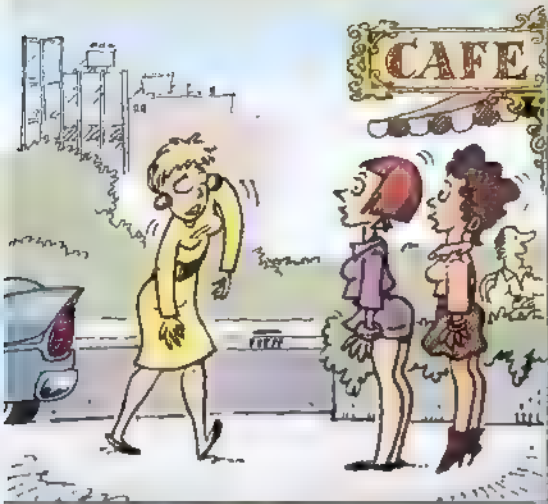


PHOTO CREDITS: U.P.I. BETHLEHEM STEEL FUJI CORP. SONY CORP. CHRYSLER MOTORS, FORD MOTOR CO., VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, R.C.A. HARLEY DAVIDSON INC.
ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #173, MAR 1975

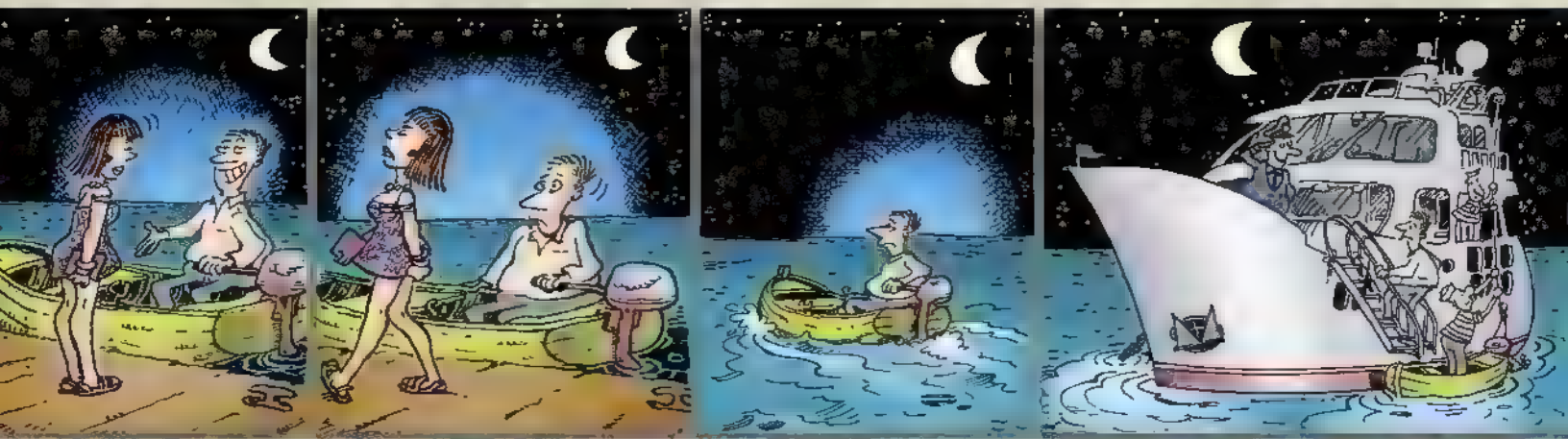
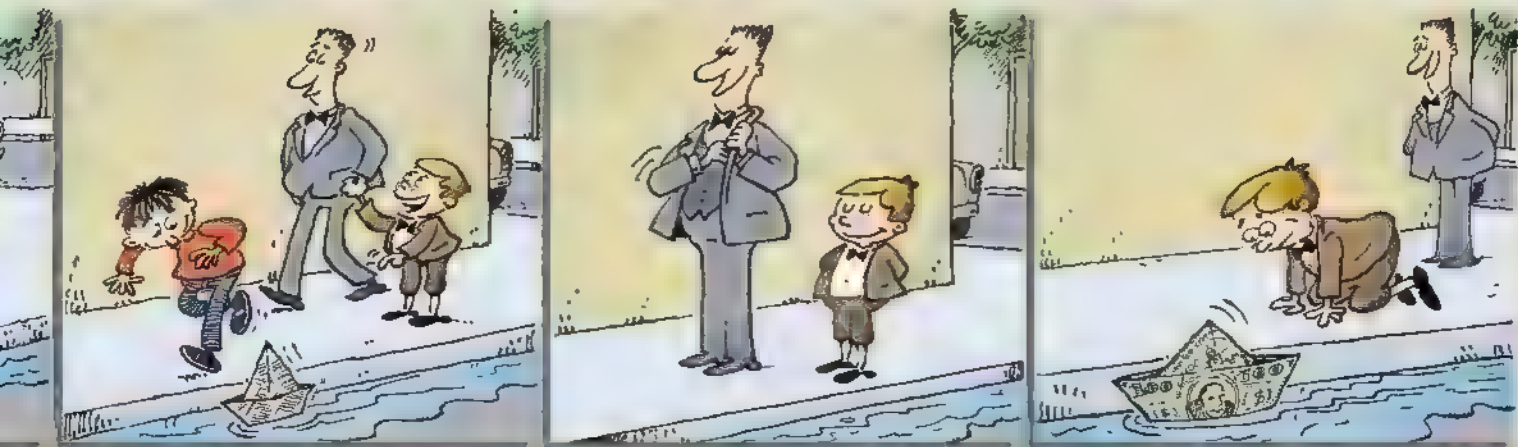


Sergio Aragones
Presents

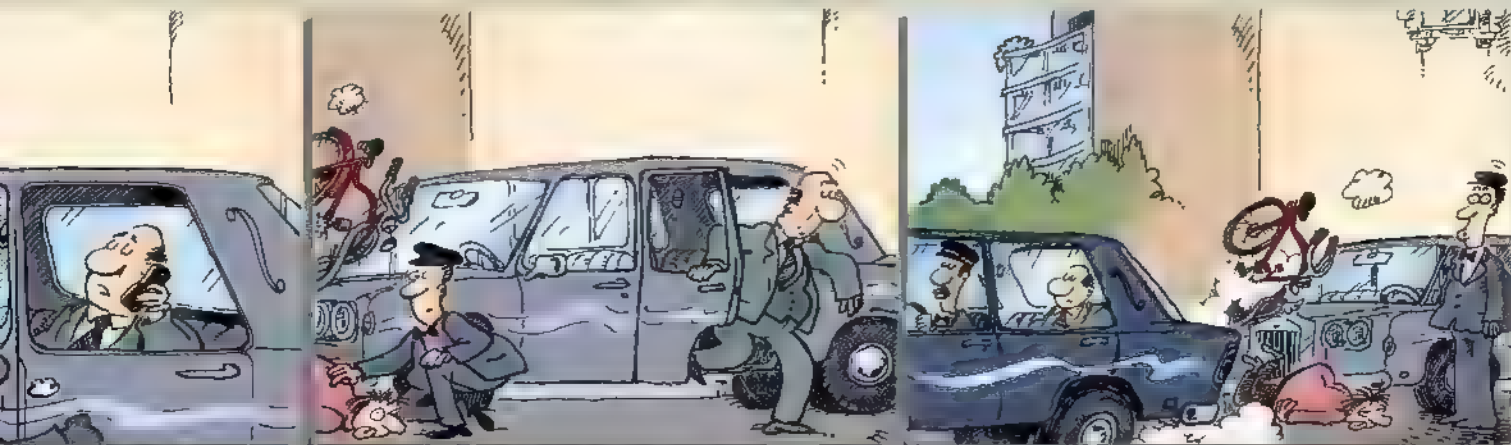
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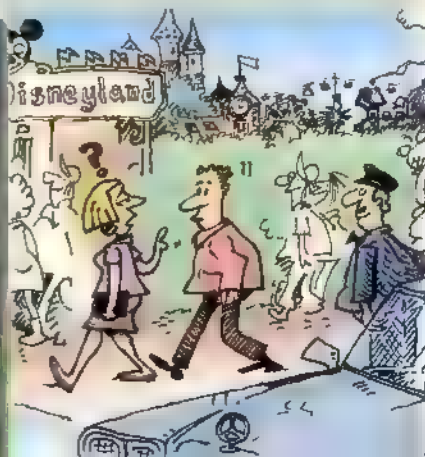
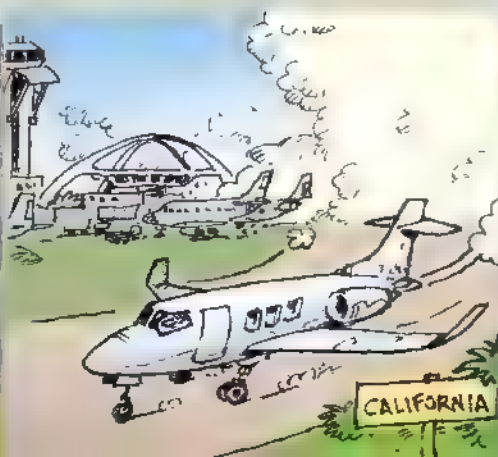
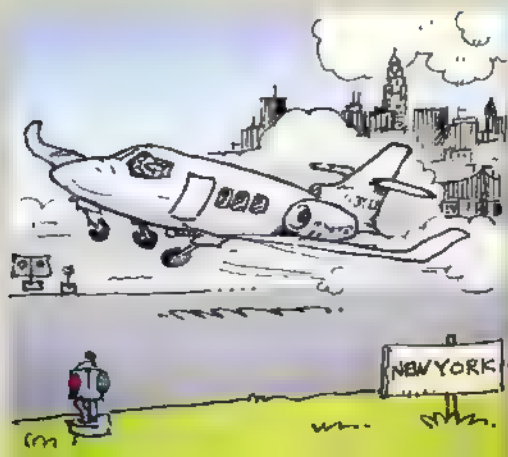
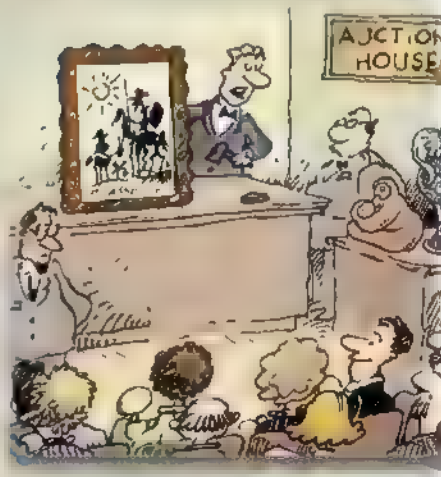
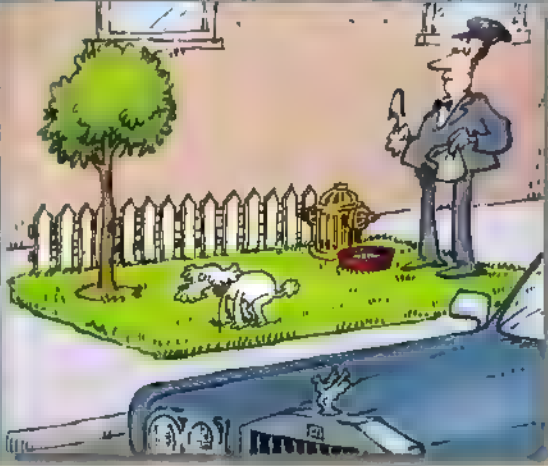
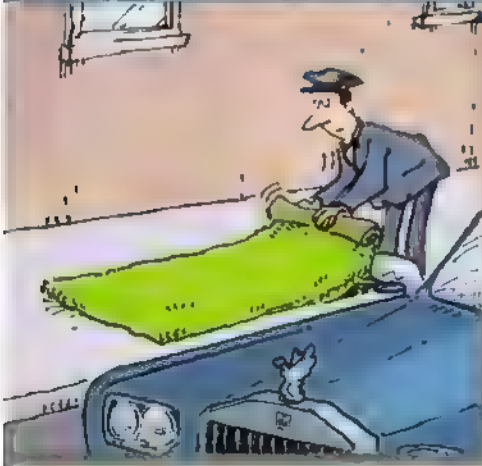
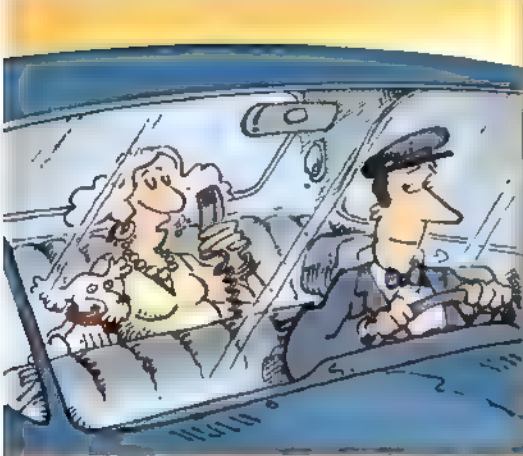
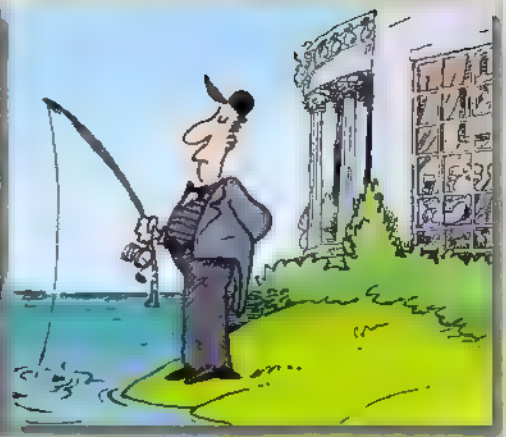
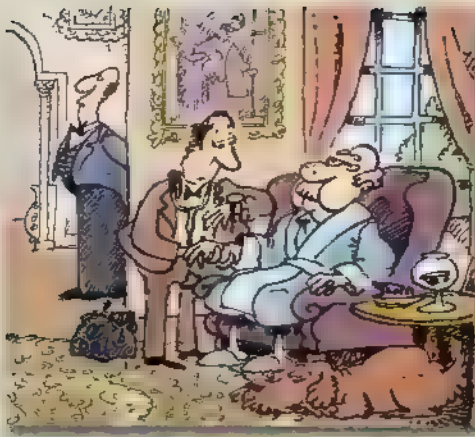


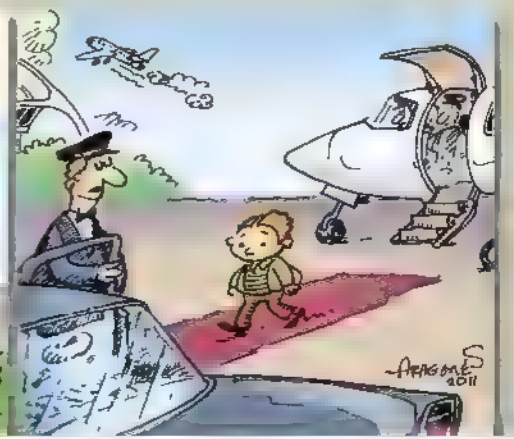
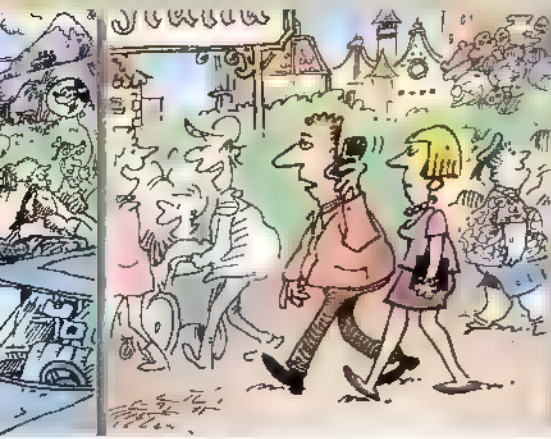
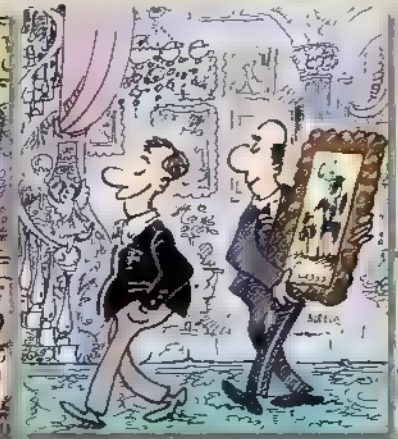
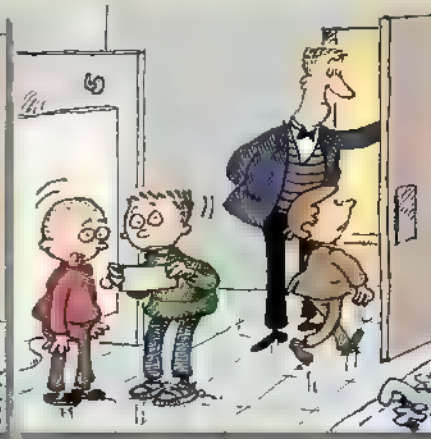
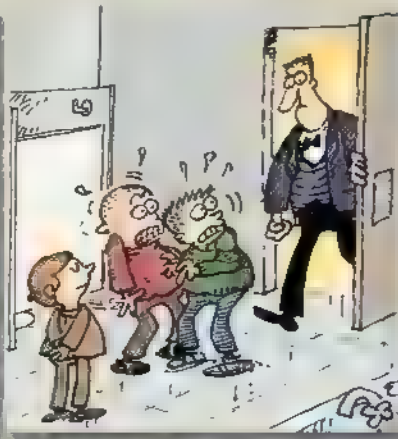
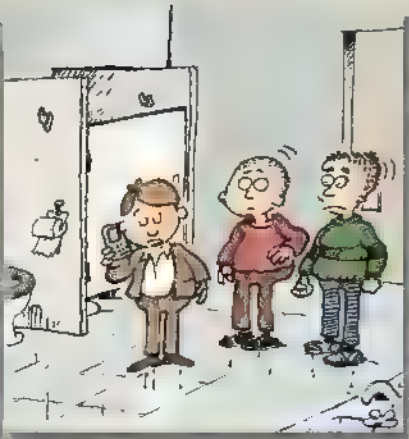
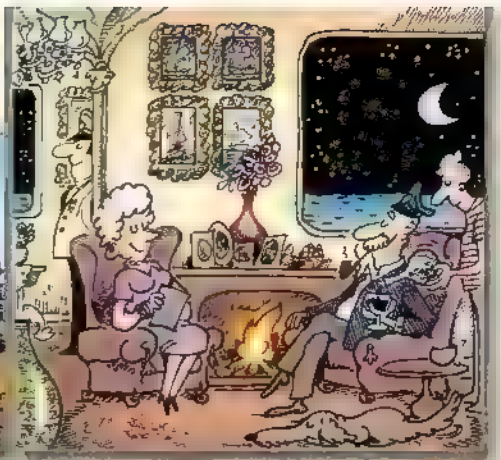
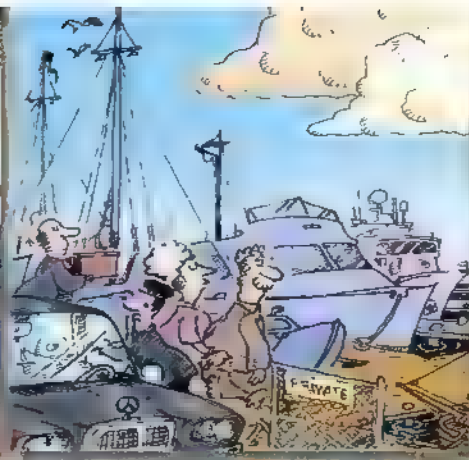
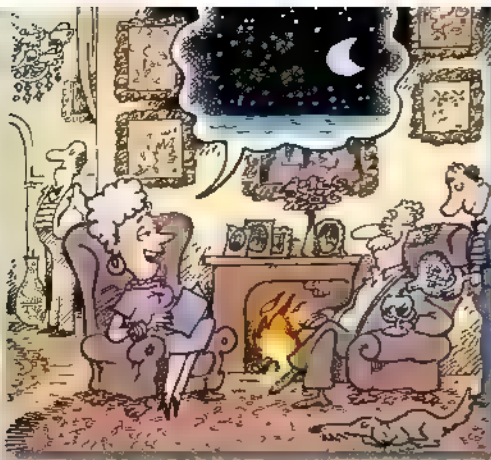
FILTHY RICH



WRITER & ARTIST **SERGIO ARAGONÉS**







WHEN YOU'RE POOR...A

WRITER FRANK JACOBS

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you're a glutton.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you're a gourmet.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you breed kids like rabbits.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you throw your money away on booze.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you have a well-stocked bar.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



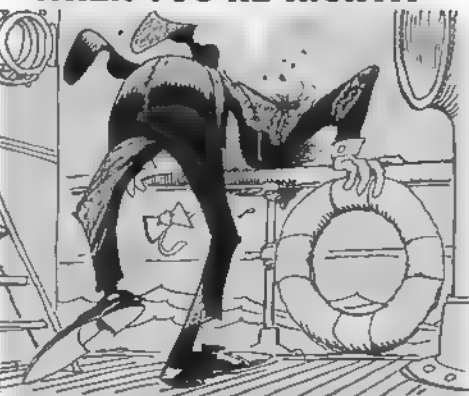
...you're the town weirdo.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



...you
vomit.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



...you succumb to a
sudden attack of nausea.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



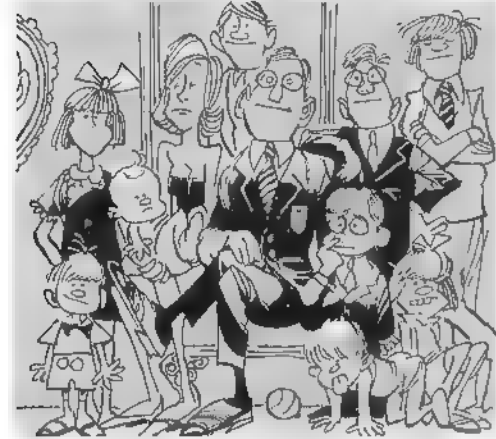
...you gamble away your
salary at the track.



ND...WHEN YOU'RE RICH

ARTIST JACK DAVIS

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're blessed with a large family.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



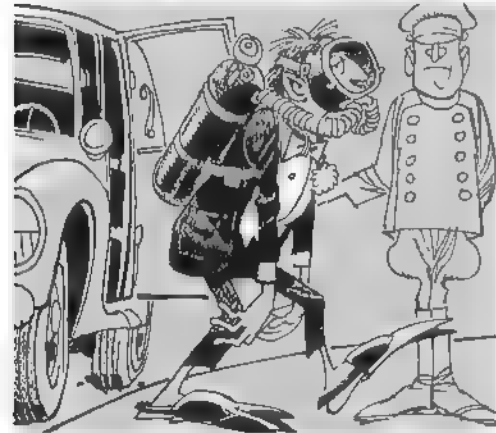
... you gossip.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you bring each other up to date.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're the local eccentric.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you own a mutt.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you possess a mixed breed.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you have a bad day, handicapping.

WHEN YOU'RE POOR...



... you're a punk who's a menace on the highway, and should be locked up.

WHEN YOU'RE RICH...



... you're sowing wild oats and getting some devilishness out of your system.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #190 APR 1977



I'm George Clooney, aka Dante Lotion, the leader of the greatest band of robbers and con men ever assembled for a film that should **never** have been remade! There are **two** plans here! The **first** is to pull the heist of the century and rob the vault of the Smellagio! That's a breeze! The **second** is looking like cooler cats than Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin and Sammy Davis Jr. We tank on that one! They were the Rat Pack! We're closer to the Blah Bunch! We're stiff, lifeless and devoid of personality! Meet the...



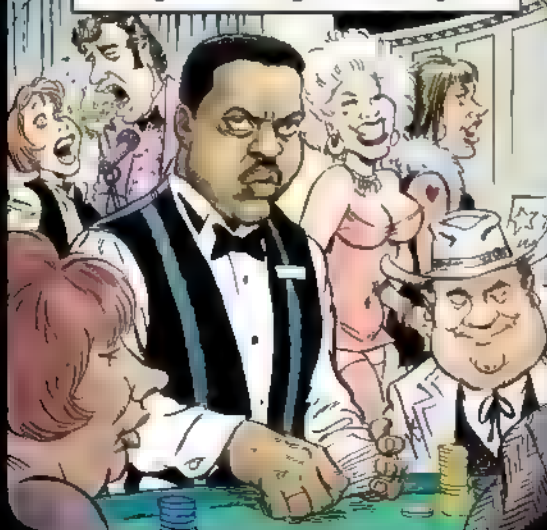
That's Brad Pitt, aka Crusty Coolhand! He's hustled casinos worldwide! He's my right-hand man and the **second** coolest guy in this film! He likes to say he's Robin to my Batman, but I don't like to be reminded about that movie! Not my best work! More people got nauseous watching that film than *The Perfect Storm*! Including me! That's what we do here on this film...playful banter! Lots of tossed-off lines that sound ad-libby but are scripted, of course! Hey, you know a film's in trouble when Brad Pitt is the go-to comedy guy!



Meet Matt Damon, aka Listless Cartel, aka "The Kid"! His specialty: **picking pockets**! Why do we need a pickpocket to rob a Vegas vault? We don't! We wanted one more pretty boy for insurance! Not for the heist — for the box office! Let's face it, they might as well call this film *The Invasion of the Damn Cute Guys*!



Next comes Bernie Mac, aka Crank Brazen! He's the "inside man"! His job: he can deal cards and watch everything that takes place on the casino floor! So far all he's seen are hookers, fat tourists and a drunk lounge singer throwing up on a Keno waitress! Ah, there's nothing like the glamour and glitz of Las Vegas!



Next comes Eddie Jemison, aka Livingston Dull, aka "The Geek"! Livingston is the nervous surveillance expert! He's a specialist in electronics, computers and wiring! His job is A) to help pull off the heist and B) afterwards, to hook everybody in the group up with illegal cable!



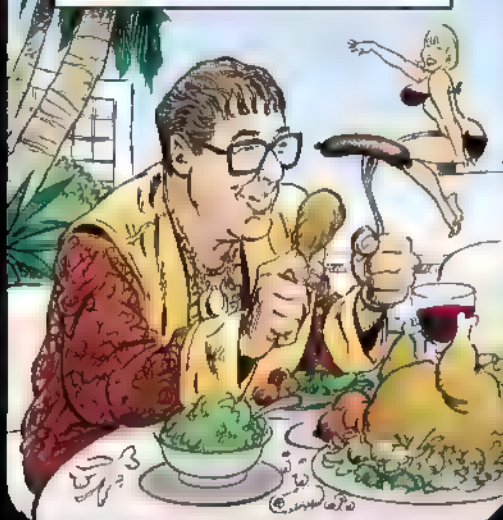
Tones

MOTIONS ELEVEN

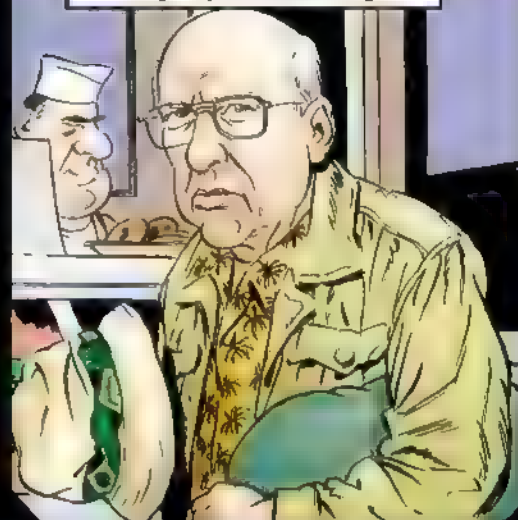
That's Don Cheadle, aka Trashar Barr! He's our demolitions expert! TNT, plastiques, wireless exploding devices are his specialty! He can blow up anything! If I were him, my first job would be to attach a pipe bomb to the acting coach who taught him the cockamamle cockney accent he uses throughout this film! I warn you, you're not going to understand one word he says! Hell, I don't either!



Over there is Elliot Gould, aka Ruby Mishigoss! There goes our hip factor! Elliot plays the film's money man! He bankrolls our operation! This heist is dangerous, but he likes the action! Hell, he's used to long shots! He was once married to Barbra Streisand! Yeesh! Talk about bad odds!



That other old geezer is Carl Reiner, aka Sol Gloom! Early in his career Carl worked with Sid Caesar, Mel Brooks, Neil Simon and Larry Gelbart, the funniest group ever assembled! They had him laughing all the time! Carl says hanging around with this group is a nice change!



I now bow to Shaobo Qul, aka "The Amazing Yawn," an acrobat who can fit into small spaces! During the heist he folds his body in half and gets into the tiniest places! Incidentally, there is also a huge hole I can dive into! It's called the plot! There's enough room there for me, Yawn and every voter whose ballot wasn't counted in Florida!



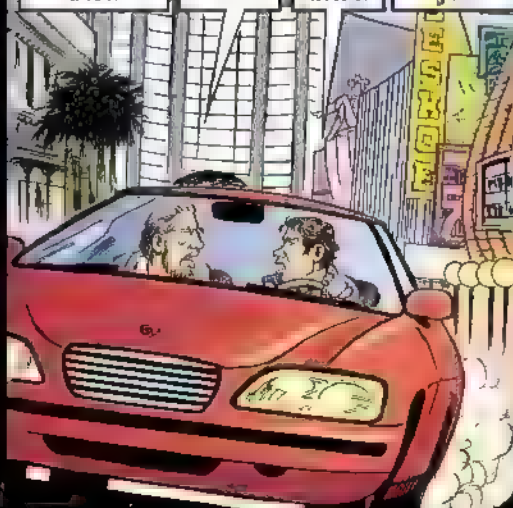
These next two are Scott Cean and Casey "Yes, Ben's my brother" Affleck! They're the zany truck and car guys, Turk and Virgil Malloy! In this film they basically drive cars around and argue! Let's listen in...

No, we don't argue a lot!

Yes, we do!

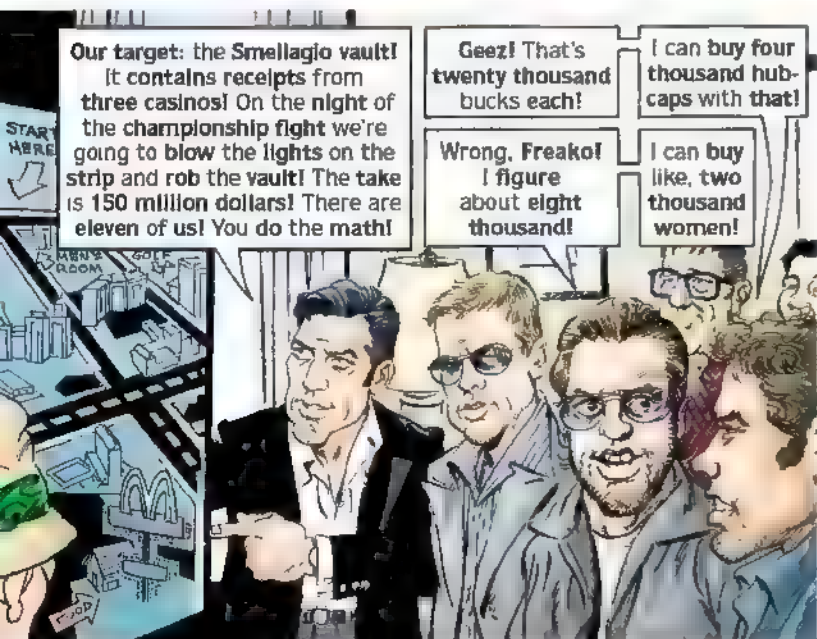
No, we don't!

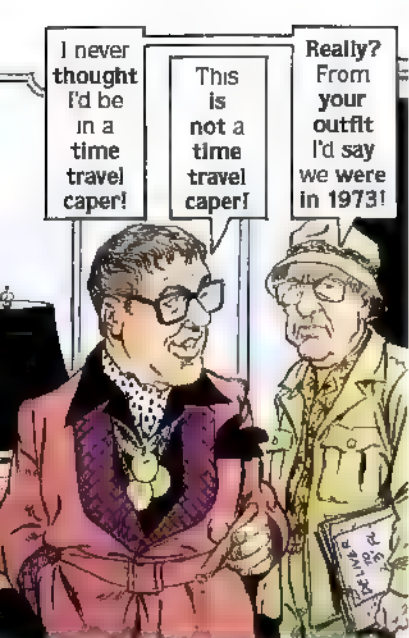
Are you laughing yet?



Later on you'll meet Andy Garcia, aka Testy Benedrill! He's the second most powerful man in Vegas after Siegfried and Roy! He's also dating Julia Roberts, aka my former wife, Tush! Julia's the fifth prettiest person in the film. Thank goodness Gould and Reiner aren't hunks or I think she would have bolted this movie completely!







I never thought I'd be in a time travel caper!

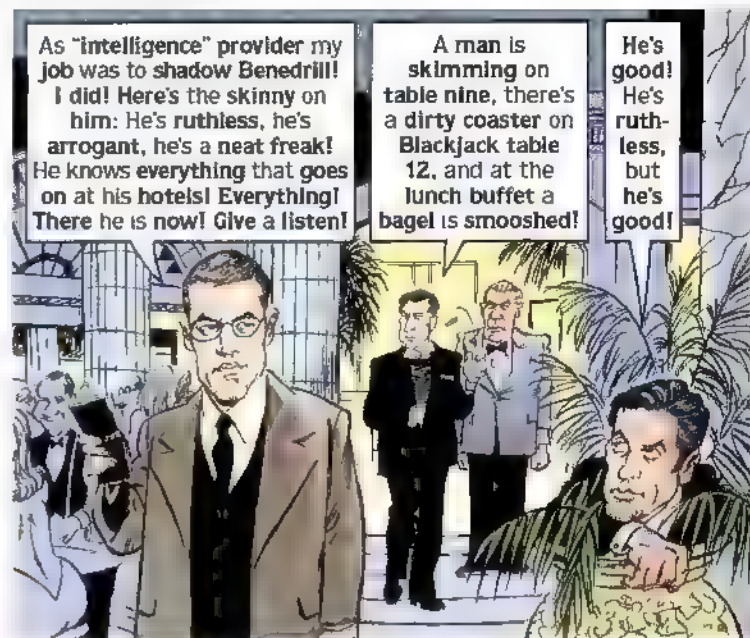
This is not a time travel caper!

Really? From your outfit I'd say we were in 1973!



First task: Deception! Sol, you'll pose as Zorba Flummer, a mysterious Euro-aristocratic high roller! Can you do the accent?

Let me put it this way, they didn't cast me in this film to drive monster trucks!



As "intelligence" provider my job was to shadow Benedrill! I did! Here's the skinny on him: He's ruthless, he's arrogant, he's a neat freak! He knows everything that goes on at his hotels! Everything! There he is now! Give a listen!

A man is skimming on table nine, there's a dirty coaster on Blackjack table 12, and at the lunch buffet a bagel is smooshed!

He's good! He's ruthless, but he's good!



Dante, what are you doing in Vegas? You're breaking parole! Shouldn't you be in New Jersey?

Let's be honest, nobody should be in New Jersey! Besides, I just wanted to say hello to my wife!

EX-wife! I see you're dating that creep, Testy Benedrill!

Yes! I seem to be drawn to handsome, shallow men!



So how come we got a divorce?

Remember? Two great looking people with strong egos? It was a constant battle over the mirror! You couldn't even share it with me!

With your lips, there wasn't room for the two of us at the same time!



There goes the old Mowgreenio!

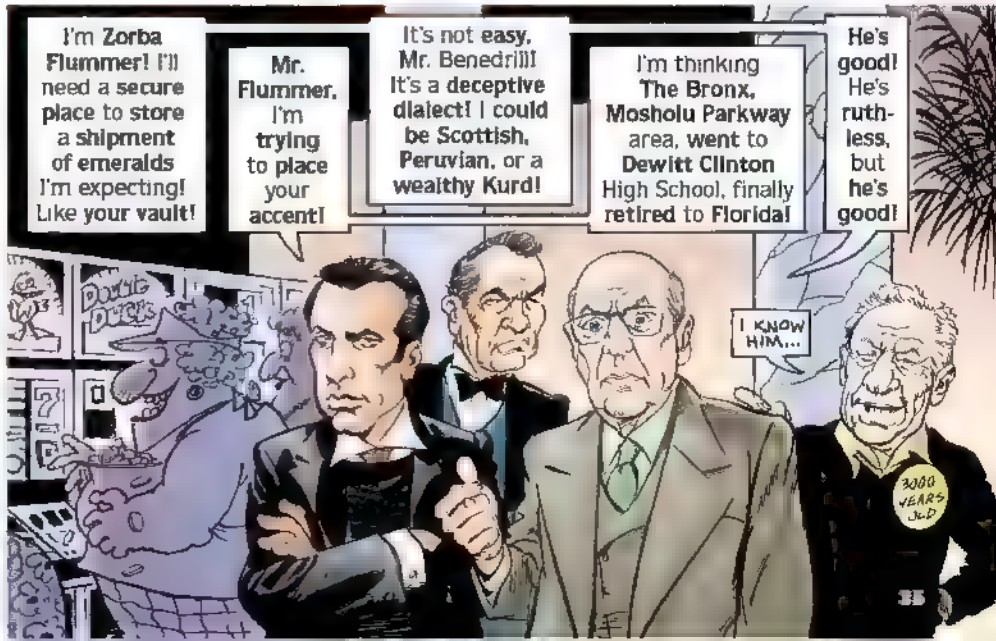
Why? Lots of people demolish old hotels!

There was also a lounge singer inside!

You're a cruel, brutal man, Testy Benedrill!

Not when there's still a housekeeping staff inside!

Good call!



I'm Zorba Flummer! I'll need a secure place to store a shipment of emeralds I'm expecting! Like your vault!

Mr. Flummer, I'm trying to place your accent!

It's not easy, Mr. Benedrill! It's a deceptive dialect! I could be Scottish, Peruvian, or a wealthy Kurd!

I'm thinking The Bronx, Mosholu Parkway area, went to Dewitt Clinton High School, finally retired to Florida!

He's good! He's ruthless, but he's good!

I KNOW HIM...

3000 YEARS OLD



It's showtime! We all have our assignments! At 7:15, Yawn folds himself into the cart! During the fight, Trasher blows the electricity on the strip! We have exactly 30 minutes to blow the power or Yawn suffocates!

We're playing it kinda tight! Do we have a backup plan?

Well, if we run a little late, I'll try to save Yawn with stuff I remember from *ER*!



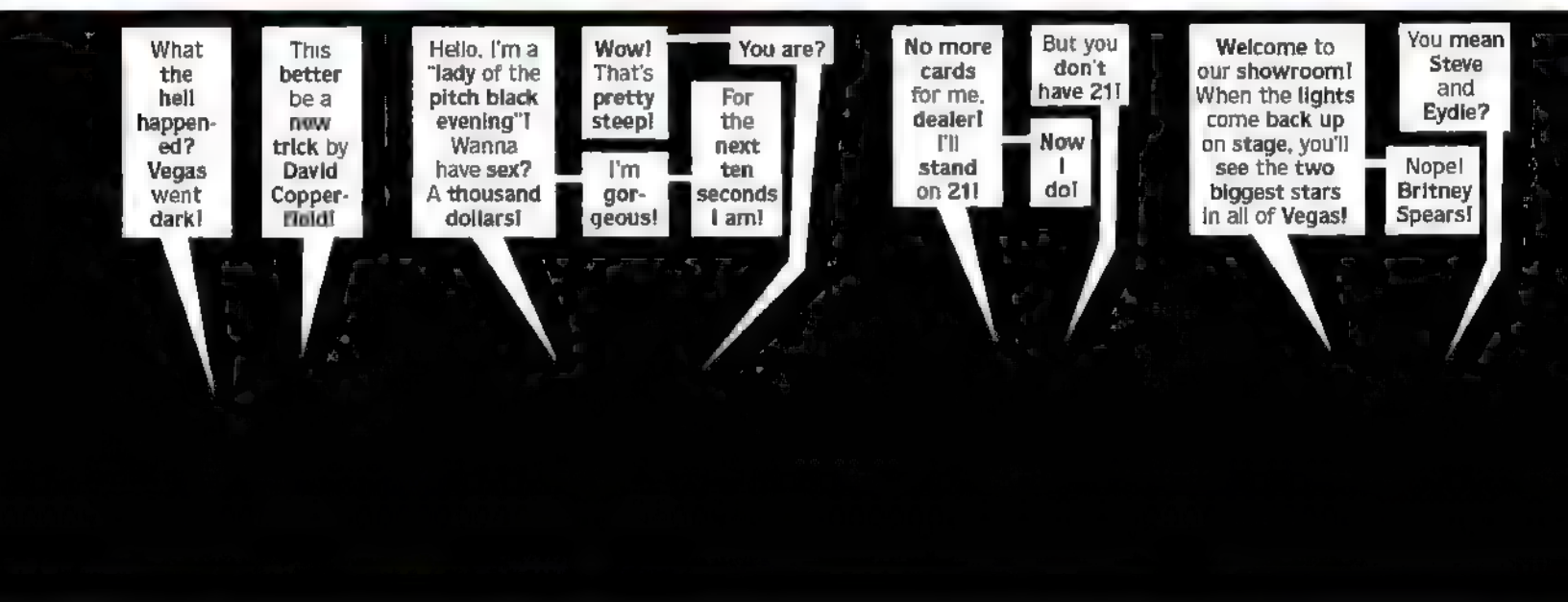
Oh God! You call this a fight scene?

No, a schtick scene! If the audience wants a fight scene they'll go see *Alli* playing next door!



Yawn has four seconds of air left! Hit it! Blow the lights!

I hope Vegas doesn't have a giant surge suppressor!



What the hell happened? Vegas went dark!

This better be a new trick by David Copperfield!

Hello, I'm a "lady of the pitch black evening"! Wanna have sex? A thousand dollars!

Wow! That's pretty steep! I'm gorgeous!

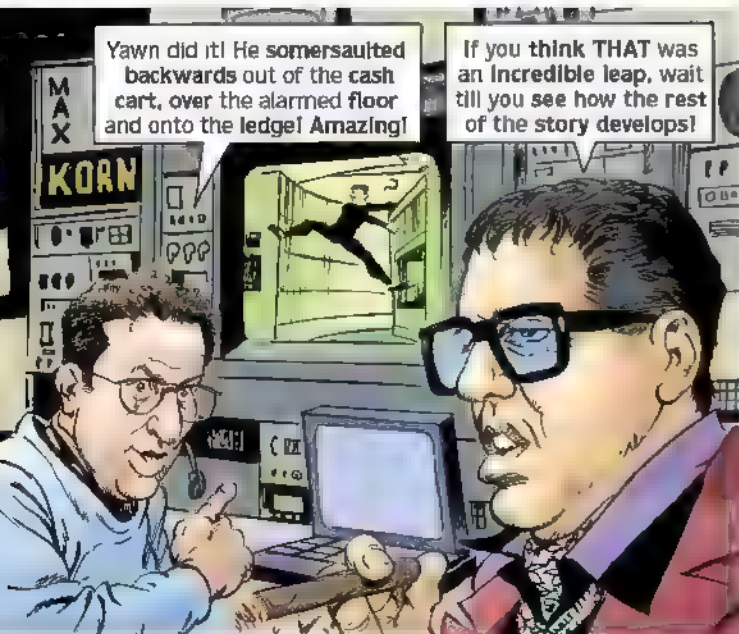
You are? For the next ten seconds I am!

No more cards for me, dealer! I'll stand on 21!

But you don't have 21! Now I do!

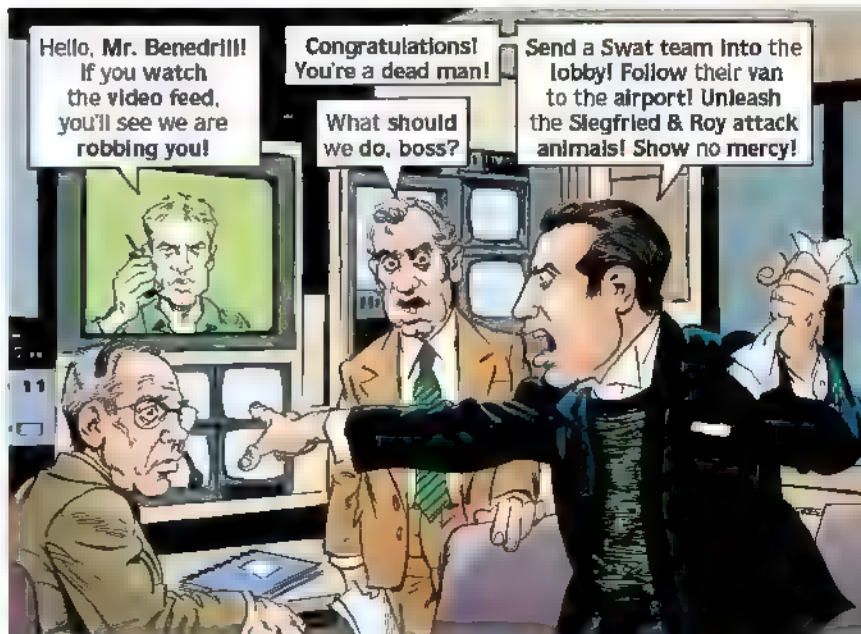
Welcome to our showroom! When the lights come back up on stage, you'll see the two biggest stars in all of Vegas!

You mean Steve and Eydie? Nope! Britney Spears!



Yawn did it! He somersaulted backwards out of the cash cart, over the alarmed floor and onto the ledge! Amazing!

If you think THAT was an incredible leap, wait till you see how the rest of the story develops!



Hello, Mr. Benedrill! If you watch the video feed, you'll see we are robbing you!

Congratulations! You're a dead man!

What should we do, boss?

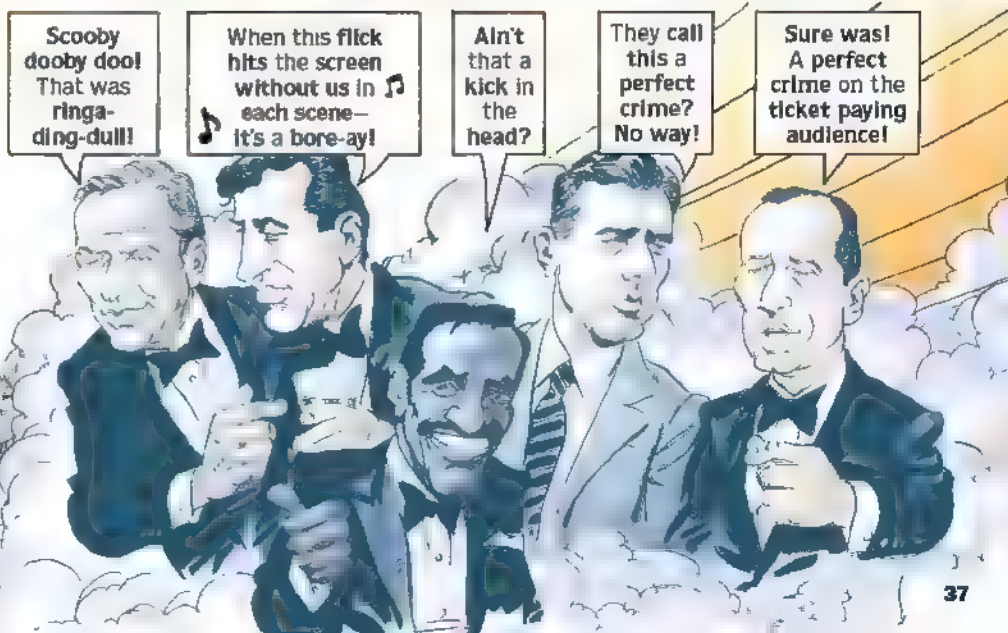
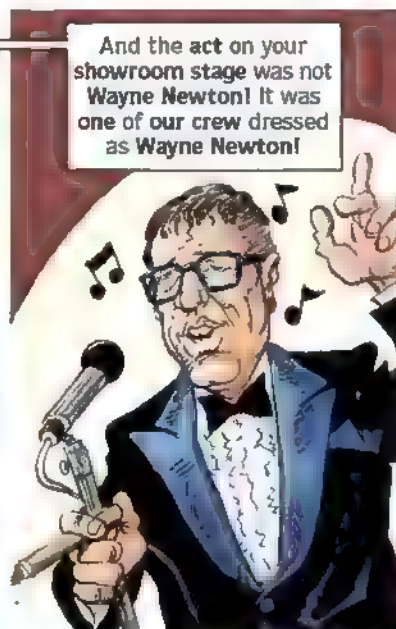
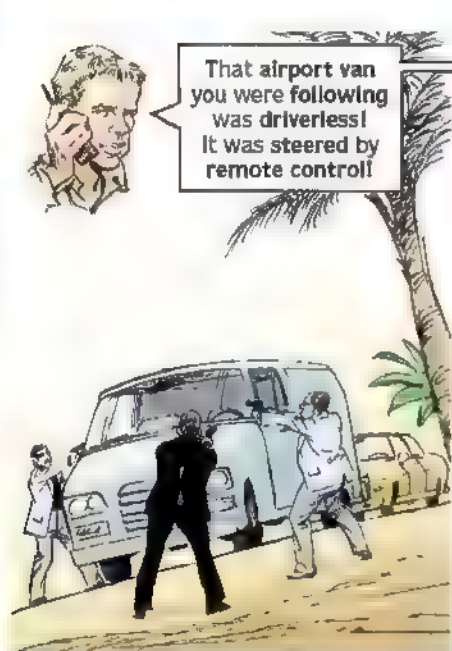
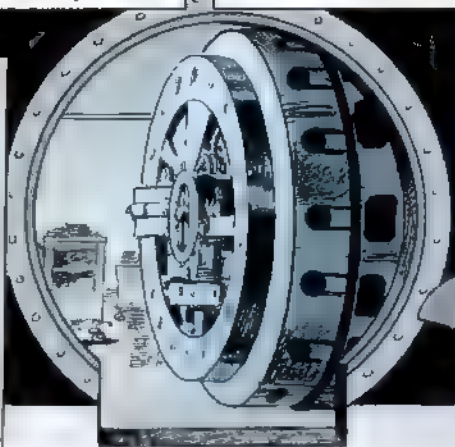
Send a Swat team into the lobby! Follow their van to the airport! Unleash the Siegfried & Roy attack animals! Show no mercy!



You're not alone, Mr. Benedrill! Everyone's confused! You, the audience and the heist team! Let me try to clear up the confusion—if that's possible!

It was all staged! Everything! It was all a fake! We rigged the video remotes! You thought you were watching the vault! It was a fake vault!

The Swat team was fake! They were our guys posing as a Swat team!

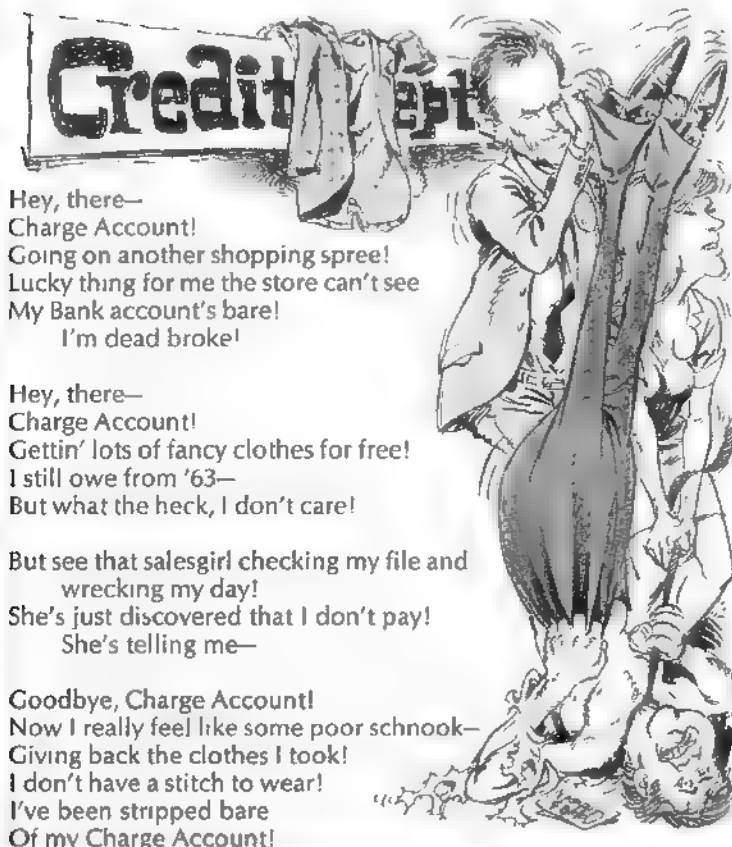


In recent issues, MAD has presented songs praising two highly important areas in our lives—mainly Food and Pets. Since then, however, we have discovered that there is a third area even more powerful, even more time-consuming, even more important. Yessir, we've discovered that the most vital force in our lives today is our never-ending, mouth-watering quest for Wealth and Possessions! Join us now as we pay tribute to big-spenders, money-grubbers, status-seekers and fortune hunters with these . . .

SONGS OF WEALTH AND PROPERTY AND

THE CHARGE ACCOUNT CHANTY

(Sung to the tune of "Georgy Girl")



Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Going on another shopping spree!
Lucky thing for me the store can't see
My Bank account's bare!
I'm dead broke!

Hey, there—
Charge Account!
Gettin' lots of fancy clothes for free!
I still owe from '63—
But what the heck, I don't care!

But see that salesgirl checking my file and
wrecking my day!
She's just discovered that I don't pay!
She's telling me—

Goodbye, Charge Account!
Now I really feel like some poor schnook—
Giving back the clothes I took!
I don't have a stitch to wear!
I've been stripped bare
Of my Charge Account!

BALLAD FOR A BOOK-BUYER

(Sung to the tune of
"I Get A Kick Out Of You")

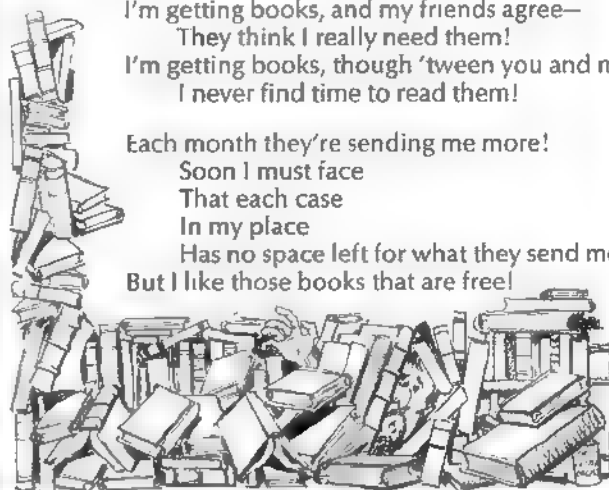
I'm joining book-clubs galore!
There is no end
To the books that they send!
And each time I buy two or three—
Then I get a book that is free!

I fill up shelves by the score!
I can't resist!
There's no novel I've missed!
'Cause when I get their list I foresee
That I'll get a book that is free!



I'm getting books, and my friends agree—
They think I really need them!
I'm getting books, though 'tween you and me
I never find time to read them!

Each month they're sending me more!
Soon I must face
That each case
In my place
Has no space left for what they send me!
But I like those books that are free!



SERENADE TO A SPORTS CAR

(Sung to the tune of "Born Free")

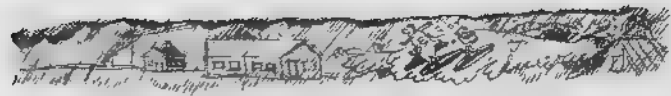


MG—
I live just to touch you!
When I double-clutch you,
MG, it gives me a thrill!

MG—
I love your ignition,
Your four-speed transmission,
Your points, your plugs and your grill!

MG—
When I look inside you,
The sight of each piston rod
Brings me closer to God!

MG—
I'll wash you and wax you!
If some Chevy smacks you,
I'll die, M . . . G . . . !



ALTH, POSSESSIONS, GREED, D CREEPING MATERIALISM

WRITER FRANK JACOBS ARTIST GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

BALLAD FOR A MINK COAT

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl That I Marry")

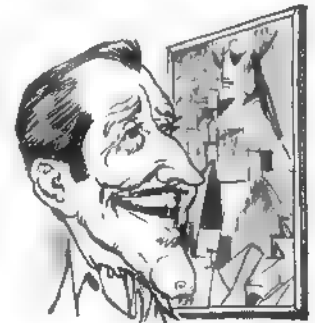


The mink I'm possessing,
It's plain to see,
Has given me su-per-i-or-i-ty!
Those gorgeous, costly pelts
Convince me I'm better than anyone else!
My friends flock around me when I stroll by!
They look at my coat with a jealous eye!
I'm concealing—
Not revealing—
With a second-hand Thrift-Shop I'm dealing!
A coat for impressing
The mink I'm possessing
Will be!

THE ART COLLECTOR'S LAMENT

(Sung to the tune of "Maria")

Picasso!
I just bought an oil by Picasso!
It didn't cost me much!
At 80 grand it's such
A steal!



Picasso!
An expert just saw my Picasso!
And suddenly I'm told
This painting I've been sold
Ain't real!



Picasso!
I am trying to serve a subpoena!
But the dealer's fled to Argentina!
Picasso!
I'm stuck with a phony Picasso!

ANTHEM FOR AN OVEN

(Sung to the tune of
"I'm Looking Over A Four-Leaf Clover")

We're really lovin'
Our brand-new oven!
There's nothing that thrills us more!
It's real expensive
With chrome on the door!
It's so extensive
It takes up a floor!
Cakes we're not baking—
No meals it's making—
That's not what we bought it for!
We can't deny it!
We had to buy it
To outdo the folks next door!



HYMN TO A RICH AUNT

(Sung to the tune of
"You're A Grand Old Flag")

She's a mean old bag!
She's a nasty old bag!
And forever she's filled us with hate!
But we treat her sweet
And kiss her feet
And tell her we think that she's great!

Let her curse at us!
We will not raise a fuss
When she starts in to scream and nag!
For we all are counting what we'll get
From the will of that mean old bag!

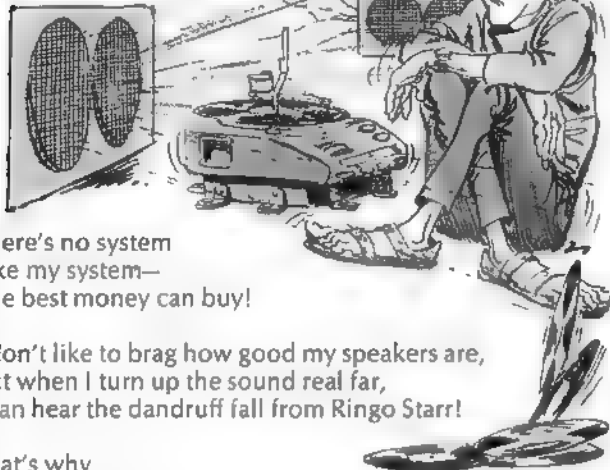


HYMN TO A HI-FI SYSTEM

(Sung to the tune of
"There's No Business Like Show Business")

There's no Hi-Fi
That's more Hi-Fi
Than my Hi-Fi
Is Hi!

Music through my pre-amp sounds real clear now!
There's no hiss or rumble I can't squelch!
Every single sound can reach my ear now!
I even hear now
Stokowski belch!



There's no system
Like my system—
The best money can buy!

I don't like to brag how good my speakers are,
But when I turn up the sound real far,
I can hear the dandruff fall from Ringo Starr!

That's why
I've got Hi-Fi!

SONG FOR A SLEEP-IN MAID

(Sung to the tune of
"I'm In The Mood For Love")

We've got a sleep-in maid!
Though she is quite demanding,
If we show understanding,
We'll keep our sleep-in maid!

She doesn't like our kids!
Meals throw her in a quandary!
Monday we did her laundry!
To keep our sleep-in maid!

She gets a rash from dusting!
Vacuuming makes her cough!
But we are fast adjusting—
We simply say:
"Take the day off!"

Golly, we hope she stays!
Breakfast in bed we'll serve her!
Clearly, we don't deserve her!
We've got a sleep-in maid!



THE ANTIQUE WALTZ

(Sung to the tune of
"My Cup Runneth Over")

At seven this morning I wake with a start—
The bed that's beneath me is falling apart!
My antique piano caves in with a klunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

A few moments later a lamp-shade comes loose
And falls on the head of that giant, stuffed moose!
I fracture my toe on an old, rusty trunk!
My house runneth over
With juh-hu-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk!

The air is all musty; the furniture reeks—
And yet I keep going on buying antiques!
I wish I could stop, but I guess that I'm sunk!
My house runneth over with juh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-unk—
With juh-unk, with juh-unk, with juh-uh-uh-unk!



MELODY FOR A MILLIONAIRE

(Sung to the tune of
"The Girl From Ipanema")



Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City is loaded,
And when she sees him, my girl she lets out a "Wow!"
Strings of pearls and diamond bracelets
And coats of mink are what he gives her
And now I'm knowing just why my girl she went "Wow!"

True—he looks dumpy and funny!
Still—she does not seem to mind it!
She—likes the smell of his money!
But one day she will come back to me—
Then she'll love me 'cause I will be

Short and fat and bald and ugly,
The guy from Jersey City who's loaded,
And she'll be liking that smell of money on me!
And we'll have a spree!
Though I'm eighty-three!



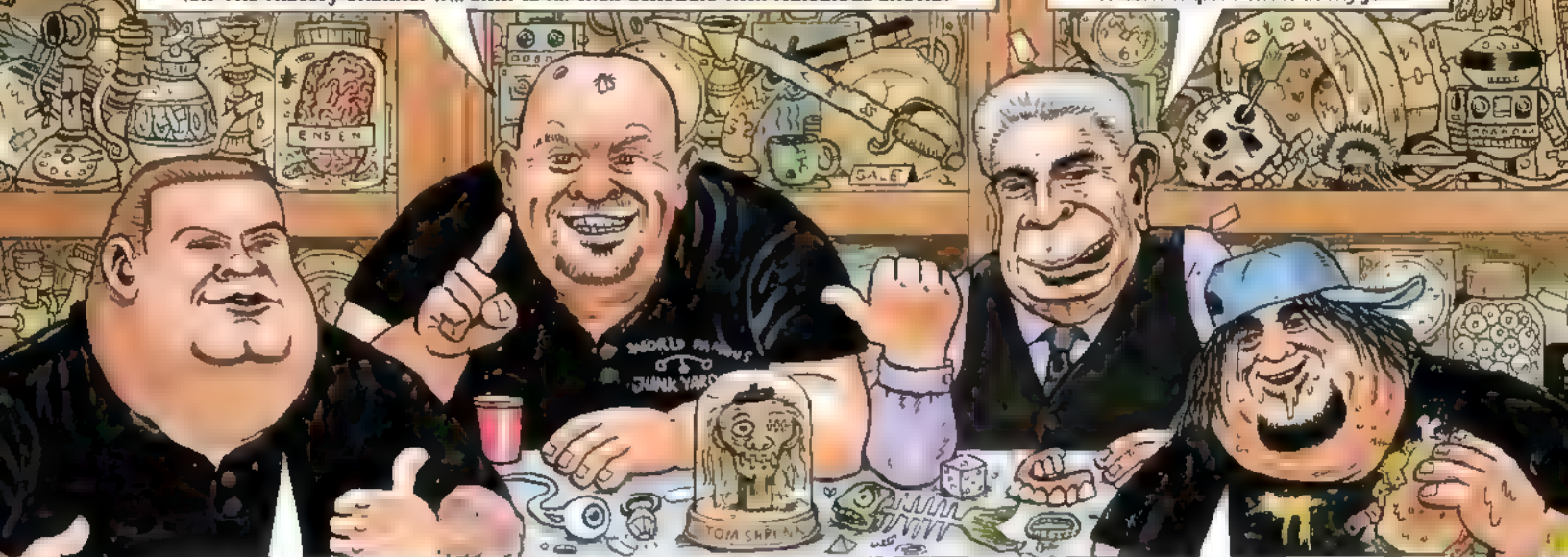
ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK DEPT.

Have a piece of crap in the attic you think might be worth a fortune? You don't have to wait until *Antiques Roadshow* comes to your town. Just schlep it out to Vegas where four very laid-back people will check it out when, and if, they feel like it. We're talking about the...

YAWN! Stars

I'm Slick Hair-Is-Gone and this is my pawn shop! I work here with my old man and my son, Big Loss. There are three things I learned after 21 years in the pawn shop business. One, you never know what weird crap people are gonna drag in to try and sell. Well, actually we always know because the producers have pre-screened it to make sure it makes for a good episode! But play along for the sake of the show. Two, you never get over how easy it is to buy that crap and unload it on some sucker who thinks he's getting a bargain! And three, you never know how low The History Channel will sink to fill their schedule with ridiculous shows!

My son Slick owns the shop because I left it to him in my will! Technically I'm not dead, but I do so little around here that Slick just assumed I was and took over the shop! My main responsibilities are to annoy my son and my two-ton grandson and to take naps. I excel at my job!



I'm Big Loss! You're probably wondering why anyone in their right mind would visit a pawn shop in Las Vegas — the gambling capital of the world. Actually, that's why they visit us! These people are desperate! They've gambled away every buck so they have to sell their most treasured possessions to raise enough money to get home to their loved ones. Once you realize that, you'll agree that my father, grandfather and I are all about helping people! Of course the people we like to help the most are ourselves!

I'm Chunky! People think Slick and his son Big Loss keep me around for comic relief, but that's not true. I'm actually very smart! How smart? I have a team of writers on this show coming up with my "dumb" lines! God, I love reality TV!

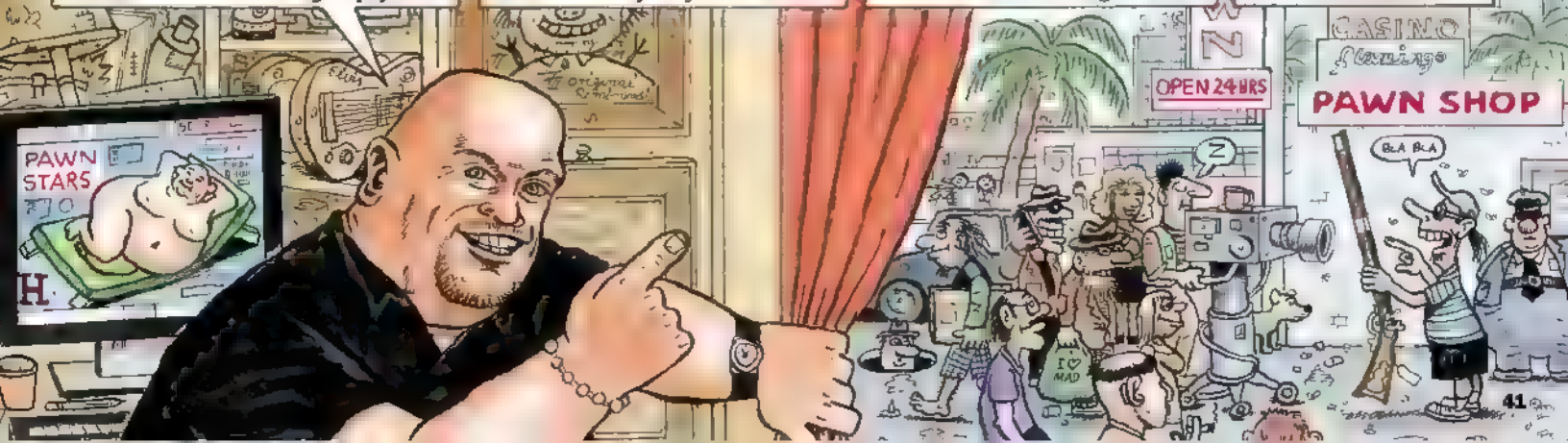
WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO ARTIST TOM BUNK

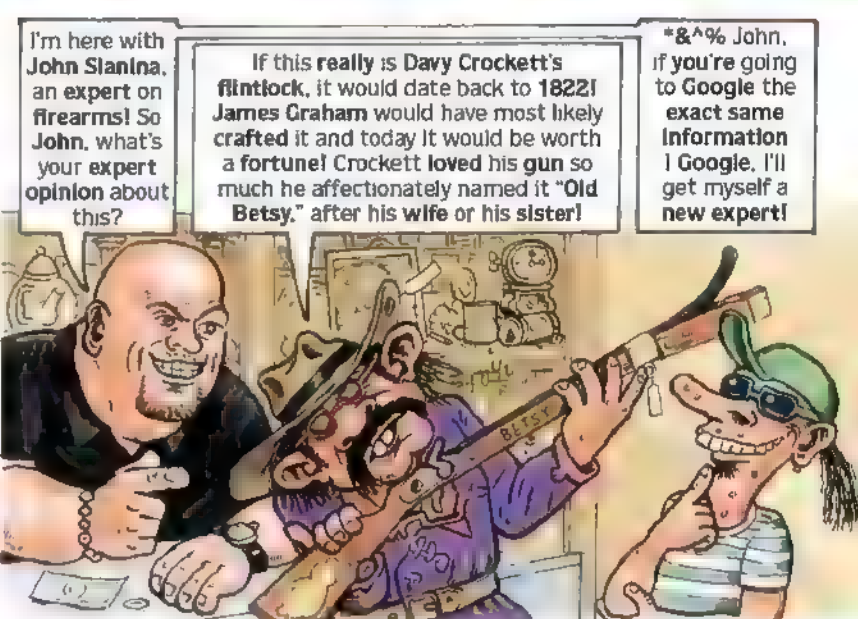
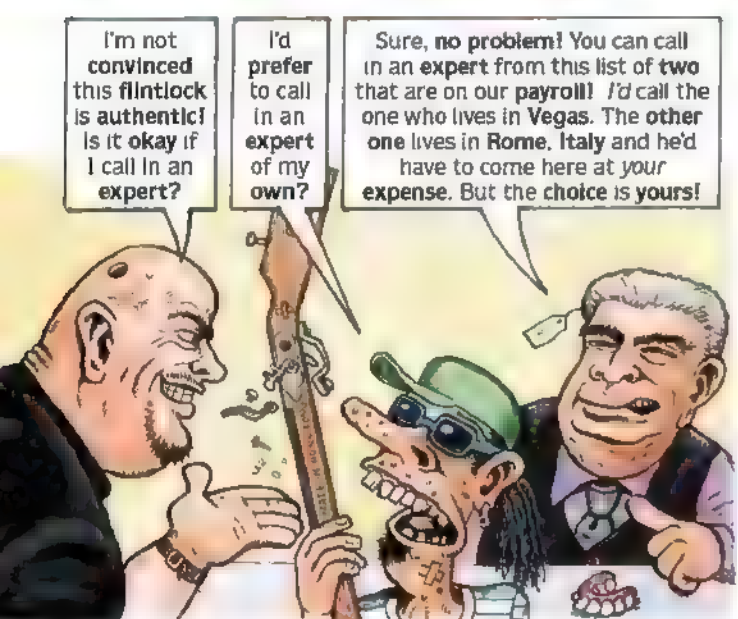
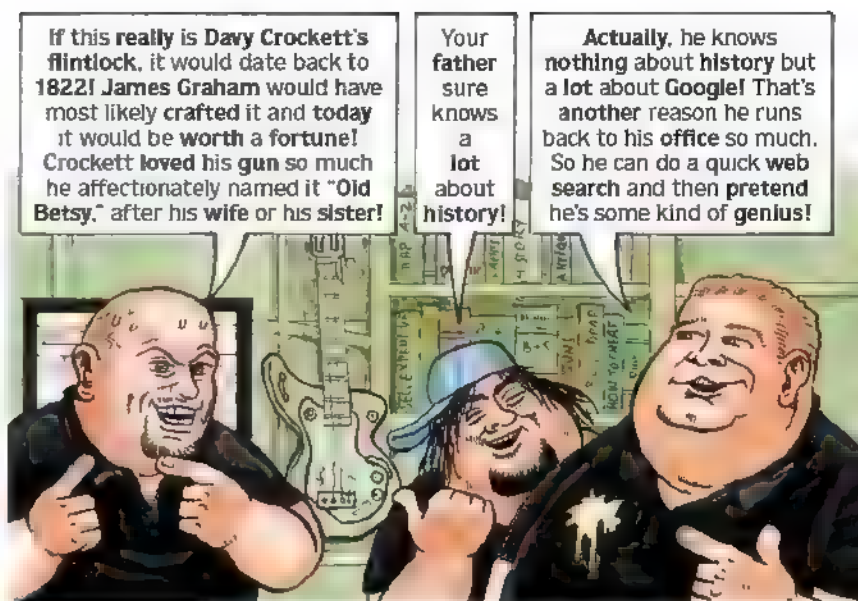
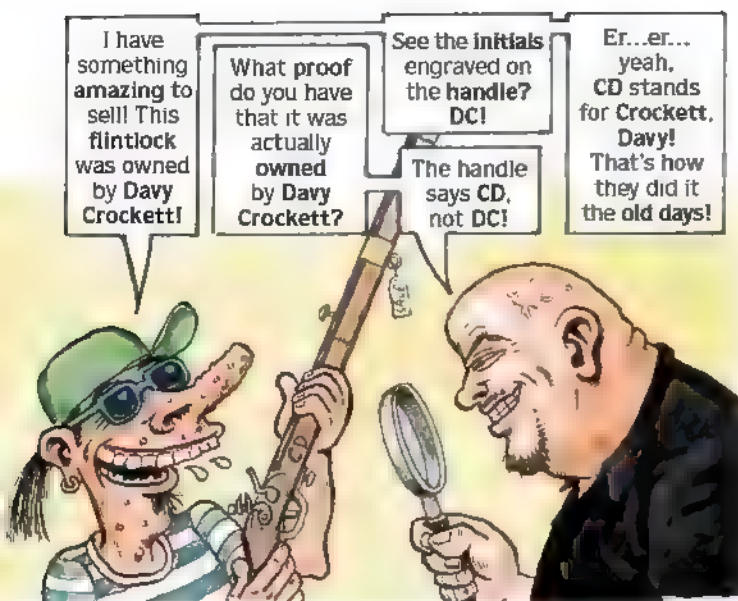
Here's how the show works: I come back here to my office where the customer can't hear me and I tell the TV audience how much I really want to buy an item someone's brought in and how much I'm willing to pay.

Meanwhile, outside the shop, the customer tells the TV audience how much they'd like to get for the item they brought in and what's the lowest amount of money they'll take.

There's just one difference! The customer can't hear what I'm prepared to pay, but the producers secretly tell me what the lowest amount of money the customer is willing to take!

That's why the odds of us making money here in the pawn shop are 100 times better than the money the slots make for the casinos!





This is the original envelope Abraham Lincoln used when he wrote the Gettysburg Address! See, it's right there on the back!

Well, now I know you're lying!

What makes you say I'm lying?

Because any idiot knows the address goes on the front of the envelope!

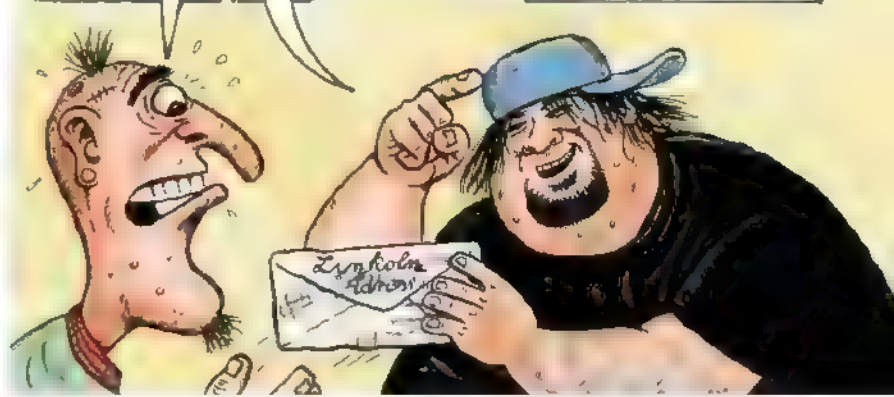


This isn't that kind of address. This is the original, famous Lincoln's Gettysburg Address!

Wow, I get it now! Can I hold it?

Okay, but don't smear the ink! It's not dry yet. Ink from a fountain pen takes a long time to dry!

Sorry, pal, I still need proof this is real! See if you can get me Lincoln's cell phone number so I can give him a call and ask him about it. Then come back and we'll talk. I'm not stupid, you know!



What's the most important thing Slick considers before making an offer?

A. How good it looks

B. How much it costs

C. How likely Chunky is to make a stupid comment about it?

Answer:

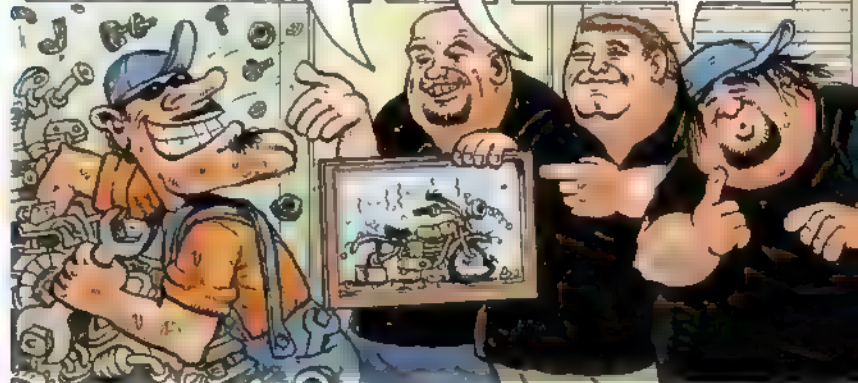
D: How stupid Chunky will look playing with it on camera.



This is Sick Restorations. When we buy collectables that are in sad shape we bring them here. Sick is the master at making the old new again! Just yesterday we brought Sick a rusted out 1907 Harley Davidson Motorcycle!

It was a total disaster, but we only paid \$50 for it!

That was thanks to me you paid \$50! The guy was looking for between \$35 and \$40. I was the one who talked him up to \$50. Wait a minute — I think I screwed up again! Darn!



This is it! The entire frame was rusty, so I replaced it. The engine was frozen, so I put in a bigger, better one. The instruments on the dash were beyond repair, so I replaced them. New gas tank, new lights, new upholstery!

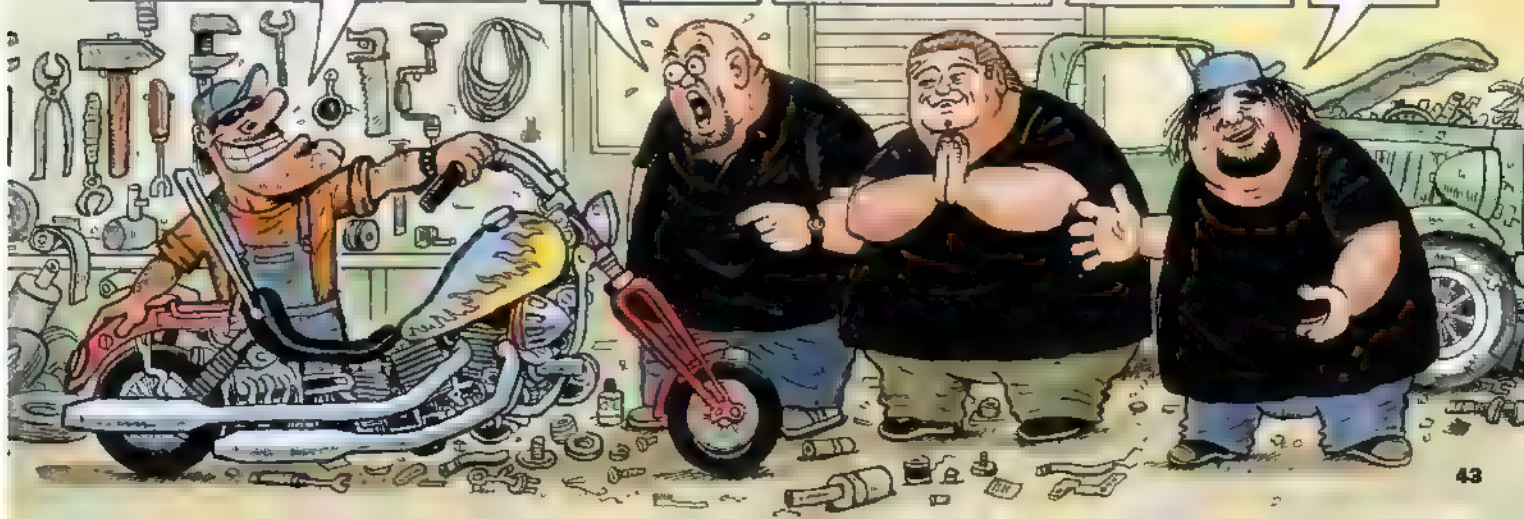
My God, this is your best job ever! It looks brand new! What'd you spend?

Probably more than you wanted, \$18,000.

\$18,000! I could have bought a brand new Harley for that amount!

Actually, I'll tell you the truth. That's exactly what I did! No one could save that hunk of crap you brought in!

Look at the bright side — we only lost \$50 on the deal!



What the *&^% happened here??

This dude brought in this Civil War cannon to sell and I didn't want to make an offer until I knew if it still fired! That was your advice, grandpa!

A bit more advice — always take a *&^%ing cannon out-doors before you check if it still fires!

I'll have him fire it again, and we will be out-doors!

The only way I'd let you fire it again is if you'd promise to stand in front of it!

Whaddya got and how much do you want?

I have 3 large pizzas and 2 six packs of beer in an insulated bag. I'm looking for \$40!

I'll give you \$32!

I'm not a customer! This is the food Chunky ordered! It's \$40!

Sorry, but I have to make some money on every transaction here. Here's \$34 I'll get \$40 from Chunky. 20% for me isn't too bad for the time I spent. Now get out!

I was sent here to sign the paperwork on this birdcage. I can't believe the old man offered me \$200!

Yes, he offered \$200, but you'll really get \$100! \$200 was the OCO!

OCO? What's the OCO?

That's the On-Camera-Offer! The owners want to look generous and like they're not out to rip people off when the camera's running, but once it's off, it's SY — Screw You!

What did Chunky have for breakfast?

A. 3 dozen
B. 1 dozen of French toast at Burger King
C. 10 Egg McMuffins with sausage at McDonalds

Answer: Yes.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #510, AUG 2011

You guys always put me down, but today you're going to be proud of me! I bought this for \$2,500!

Wow! That's an original Airstream Camper! Airstream is like the premiere builder of luxury recreational vehicles in the U.S. Fixed up, that baby could go for as much as \$30,000!

Chunky, for the first time since you started working here, you made a good deal! Is the camper in the parking lot? I'm dying to see it in person!

Camper? What camper? I bought this picture of the Airstream for \$2,500! The guy swore it's the only picture of that trailer!

Do me a favor, go stand in front of the cannon!



Have you ever wondered why some poor shlub who tries to declare his 40-inch TV as a business expense ends up arguing with his cellmate over who gets to be the wife, while billion-dollar companies like U.S. Steel and Exxon get their tax refunds personally hand-delivered by the Secretary of the Treasury? Well, have you? Nah—knowing you, you're way too busy wondering what Darkwing Duck looks like naked! So we'll let you enjoy your own private mind-pluck, while you completely ignore...

YOU'RE A CROOK



WRITER: DEBBIE DEVLIN
ARTIST: MICHAEL WOODRIDGE

YOU'RE A BUSINESSMAN

ROOKCROOKCROOKCROOKC

If you intimidate store owners into paying protection money with the threat that if they don't cough it up they just might lose everything
-You're A Crook



But if you happen to own a sports team, and treat an entire city the same way
-You're A Businessman

If you insist on an extra 25% charge for making sure that "nothing gets broke or lost"
-You're A Crook



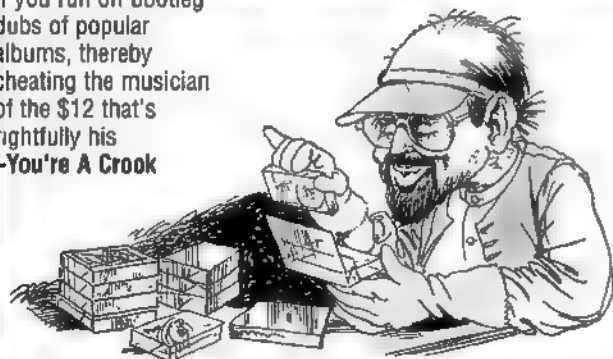
But if you impose the same fee for handing out the concert tickets that a machine just spit out
-You're A Businessman

If you hire thugs and goons to bust a union
-You're A Crook



But if you hire Congressmen to do it
-You're A Businessman

If you run off bootleg dubs of popular albums, thereby cheating the musician of the \$12 that's rightfully his
-You're A Crook

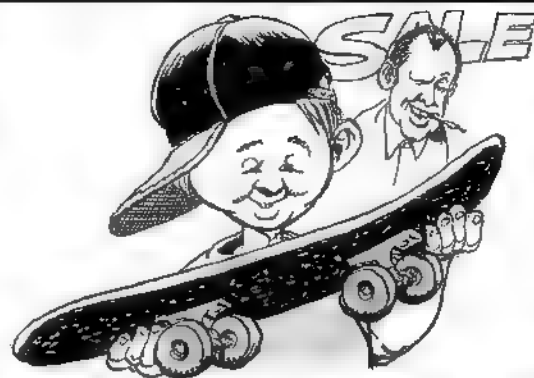


But if your attorneys dream up a contract that pays the same musician about \$12 for every million albums he sells
-You're A Businessman

48 BUSINESSMANBUSINESSMA

BOOK CROOK CROOK CROOK CROOK

If you break thumbs and crack kneecaps to make a buck
- You're A Crook



But if you sell a skateboard or rollerblades to every putz who comes into your store, so he can go out and do the job himself
- You're A Businessman

If you try to get someone to work for your company at less than the minimum wage
- You're A Crook



But if you put your company in Ryder vans and move it to a nearby country where you can hire a dozen workers for less than the cost of a can of Pepsi
- You're A Businessman

If you make cheap video copies of *Die Hard* and *Pulp Fiction* to sell on the corner or at shady street fairs
- You're A Crook



But if you produce cheap rip-offs of those films to sell in actual video stores
- You're A Businessman

If your business involves loaning people free money, but making them cough up outrageous interest rates if they're even one second late in paying
- You're A Crook

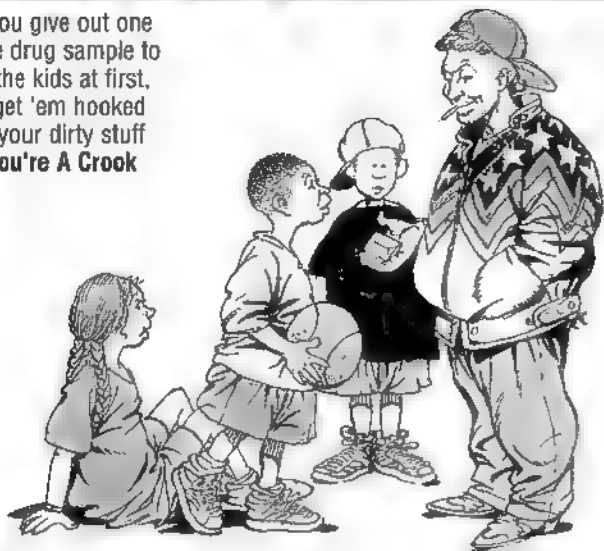


But if you're the president of Visa, Discover or American Express
- You're A Businessman

IN BUSINESSMAN BUSINESSMAN

KCROOKCROOKCROOKCROOK

If you give out one free drug sample to all the kids at first, to get 'em hooked on your dirty stuff
- You're A Crook



BOOP-A
 BOOP-A
 BOOP-A

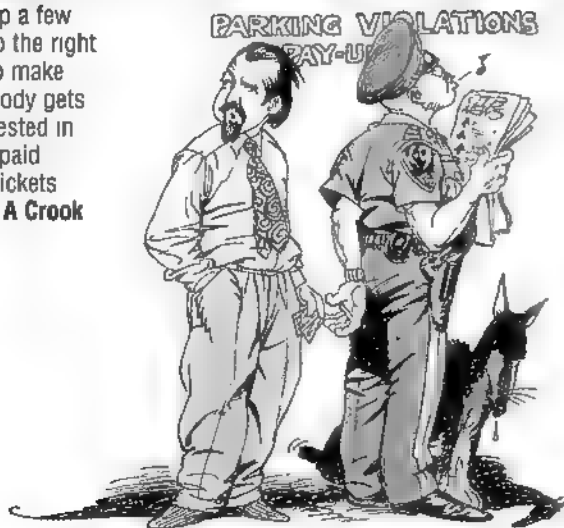
But if you de-scramble the Disney Channel for just one weekend, to get those brats to scream until Mom and Dad pony up the 10 bucks a month
- You're A Businessman

If you run sub-human "blood sport" exhibitions in some dingy basement so the ghouls who get off on brutality can avoid running into authorities
- You're A Crook

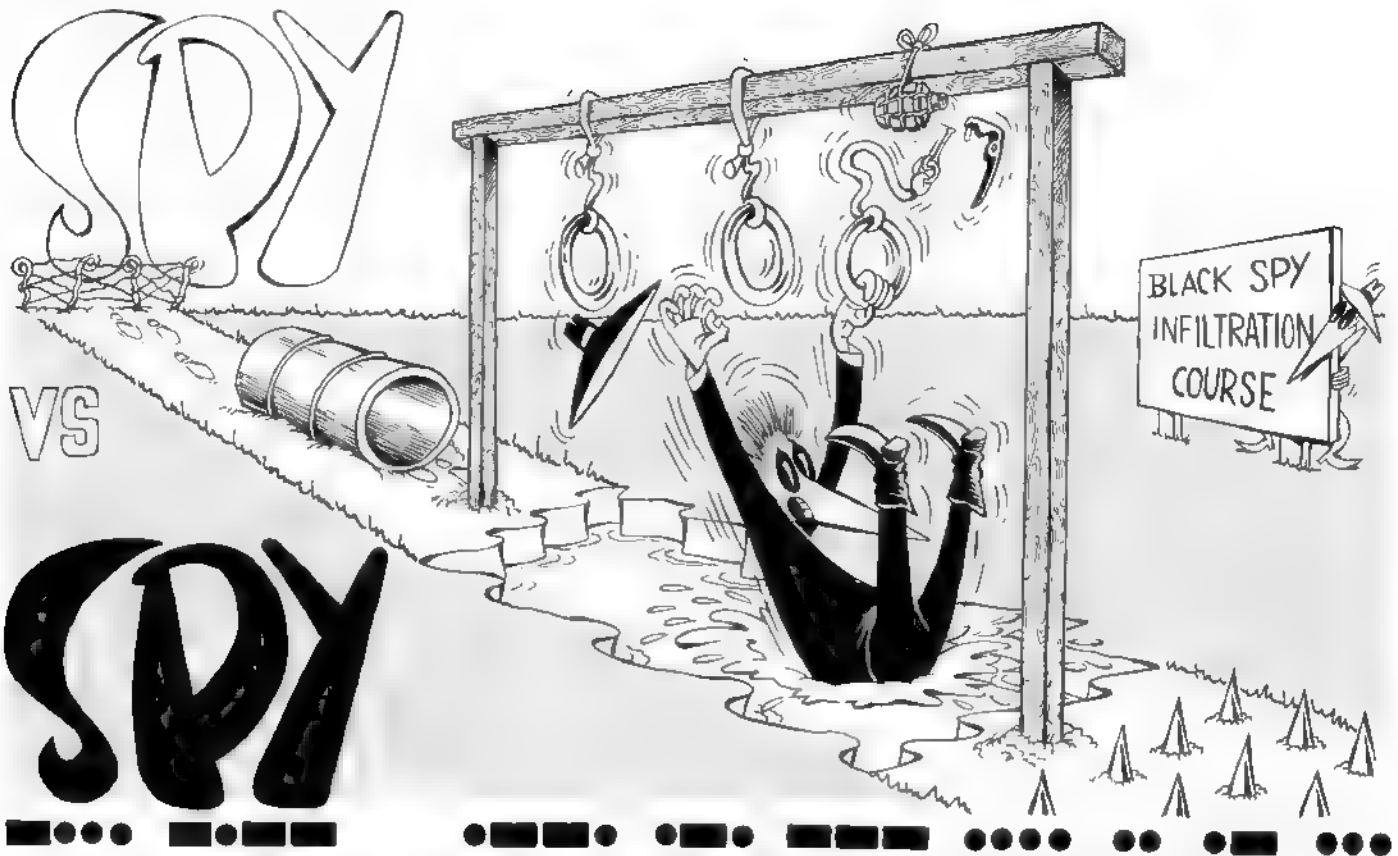


But if you call the whole thing the "Ult mate" something-or-other and put it on pay-per-view
- You're A Businessman

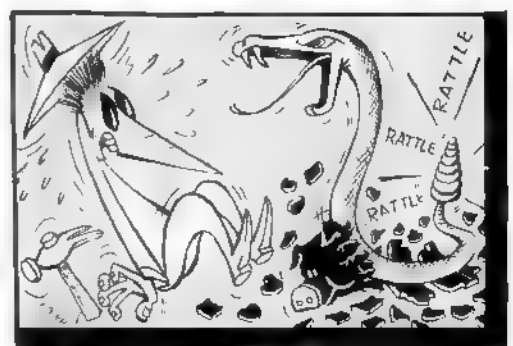
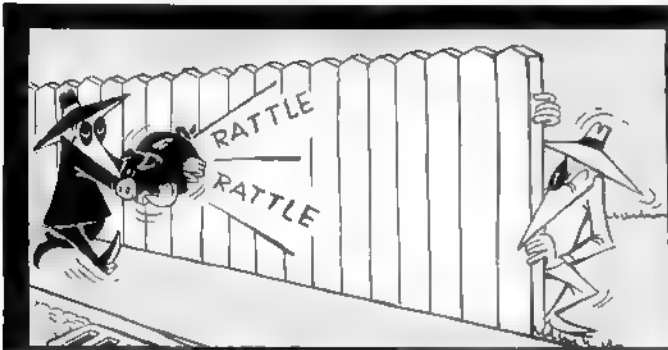
If you slip a few dollars to the right people to make sure nobody gets too interested in those unpaid parking tickets
- You're A Crook



But if you slip a few million dollars to the people who can make sure nobody sees those pesky research papers that show how your cigarettes cause cancer
- You're A Businessman



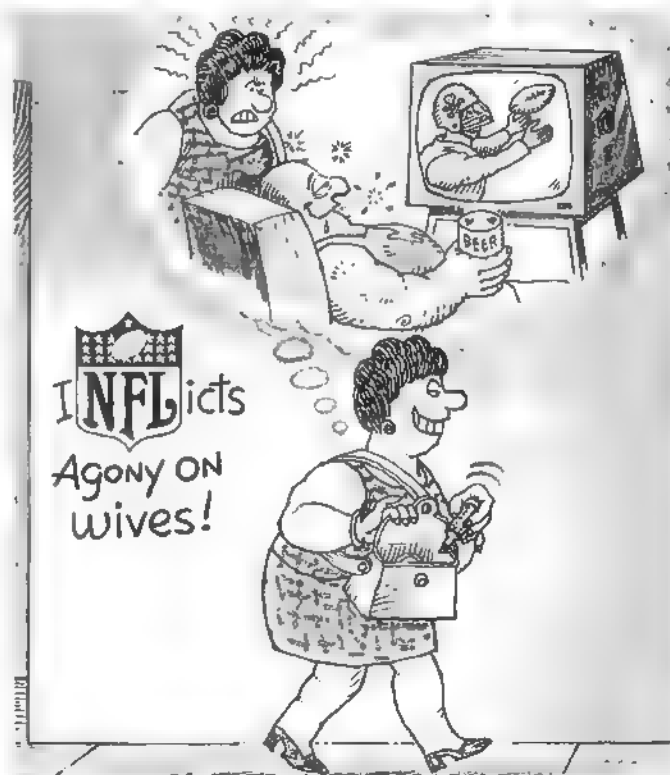
WRITER & ARTIST ANTONIO PROHIAS



ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN MAD #118 APR 1968

Spray cans and magic markers are changing the face of America. Every day, new bits of irreverence shudder to think what might happen if those graffiti rascals ever started attacking that holy of

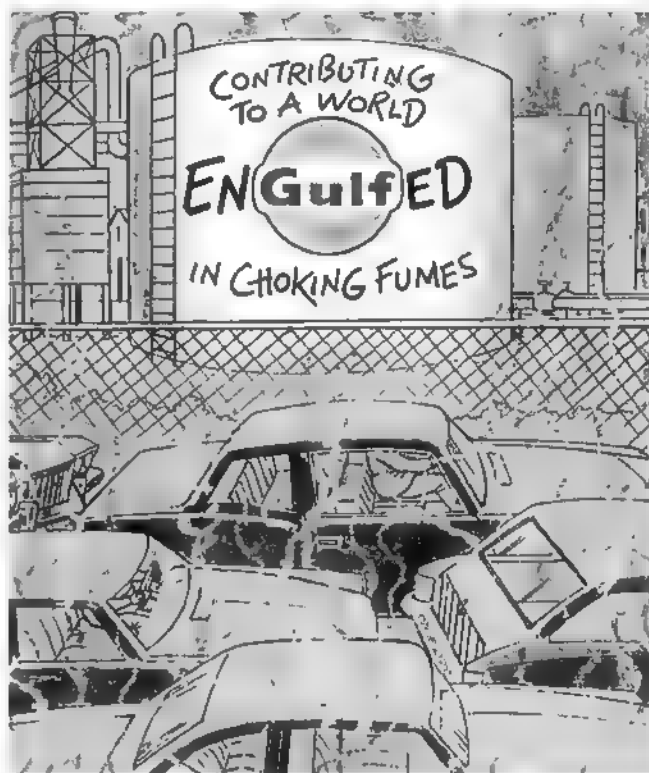
TRADEMARK

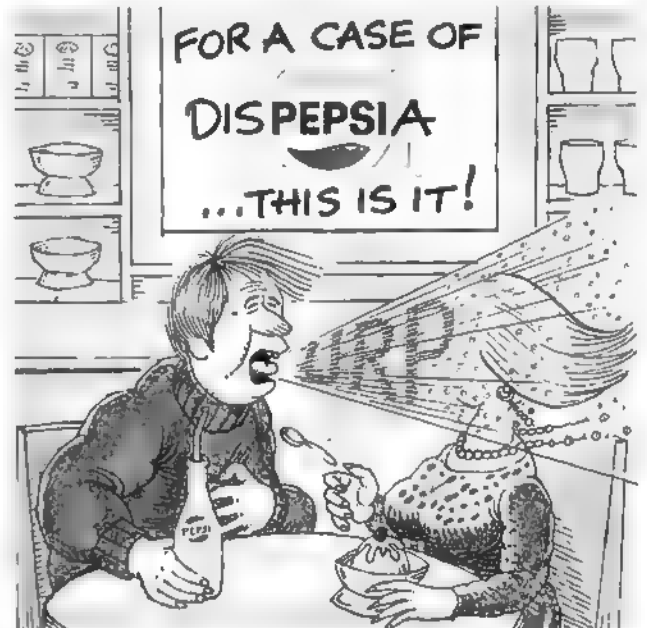


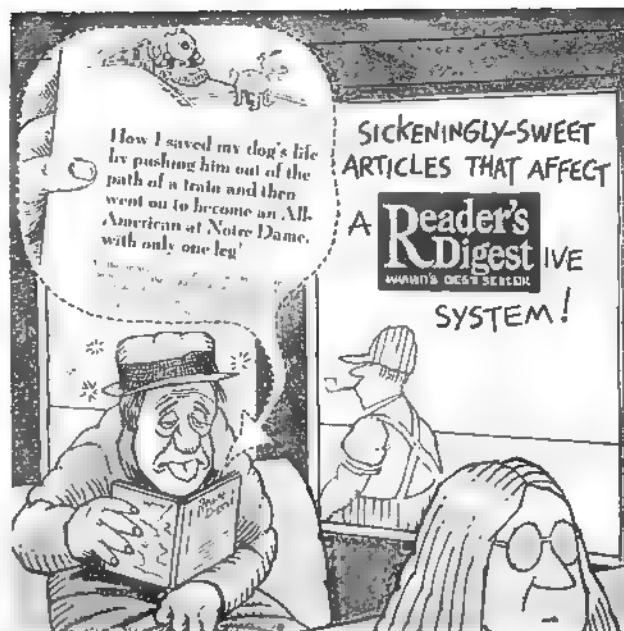
are added to trains, buses, buildings, billboards and any other available surface. We at MAD
holies, the corporate signature. Here are some of the horrors (heh-heh!) that could occur with...

GRAFFITI

WRITER & ARTIST
AL JAFFEE

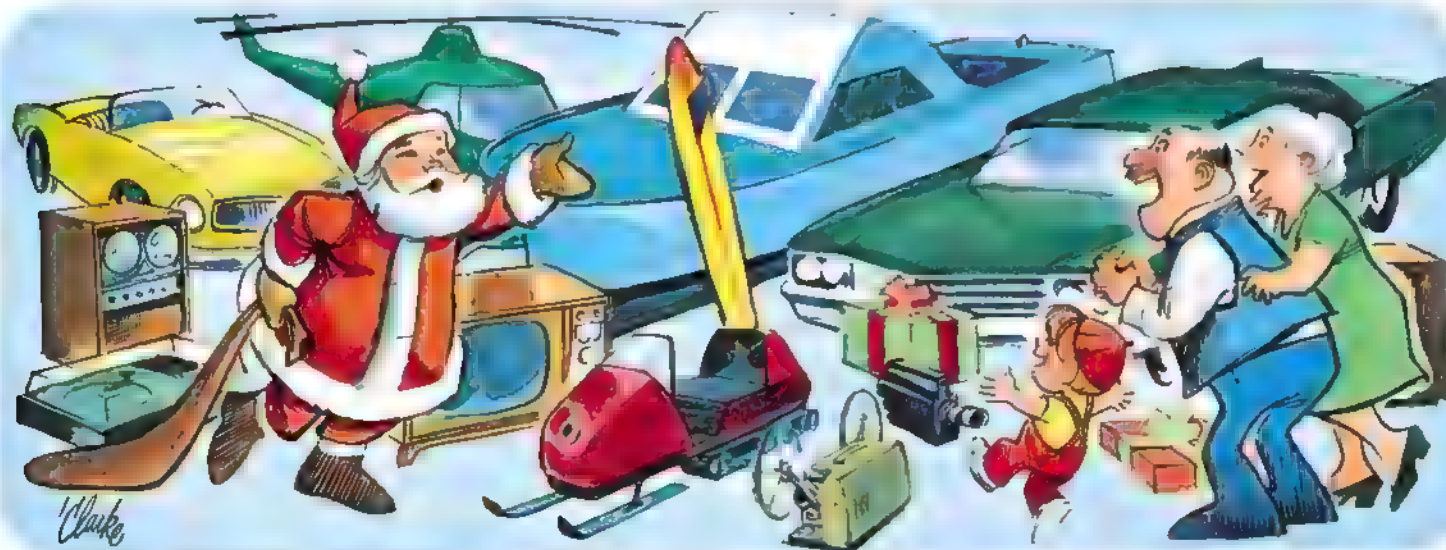








CHRISTMAS GREETINGS



WRITER AL JAFFEE ARTIST BOB CLARKE



THE PARTING SHOT



Come closer . . .

WRITER DON "DUCK" EDWING ARTIST JOE ORLANDO

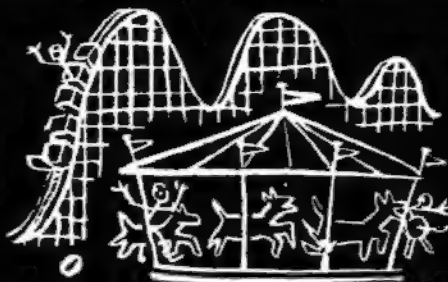


LAST TAG!!





SLOBBY BOBBY HAD \$2.00!

HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON
AMUSEMENT PARK RIDES!SLOBBY BOBBY GOT SICK
TO HIS STOMACH!

SILLY TILLIE HAD \$2.00!

SHE SPENT HER \$2.00 ON
ICE CREAM, CANDY, AND SODA!SILLY TILLIE GOT SICK
TO HER STOMACH!

SMARTY MARTY HAD \$2.00!

HE SPENT HIS \$2.00 ON
A SUBSCRIPTION TO MAD!SMARTY MARTY GOT SICK
TO HIS STOMACH 9 TIMES!

...BE SURE TO GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH!

WRITER HARVEY KURTZMAN ARTIST AL FELDSTEIN

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WHAT WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
HAS RECENTLY
TAKEN A DIVE?

HERE WE GO WITH AN ALL-NEW **MAD FOLD-IN**

When formidable contenders take a beating, they can lose their sense of self-worth. While in a downward spiral, the prospect of short-term gains can cloud their judgement, prompting rash decisions. To see the renowned heavyweight in question, fold in page as shown on right.

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



THE ALL-OR-NOTHING STAKES OF CONTACT SPORTS CAN DRIVE MIGHTY
CHAMPS TO RUIN—TEMPTATION CAN TURN THEM INTO TOY
DOLLS USED BY BAD ACTORS FOR FINANCIAL GAIN. AS VULGAR
AS THE IDEA MAY BE, IT IS SADLY A COMMON PRACTICE.



PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS WHO KEEPS HIS MONEY IN HIS SHOES

Bootyrest...for the Money that Can Buy Happiness

Good night, sweet principal!

Here's a thought to sleep on: Why toss when the economy turns? Now you can provide yourself with a soft cushion for those hard times that may lie ahead.

When you sleep on a Bootyrest "Night Depository," you rest insured. Because your security rests with you. Just open the convenient side zipper, stuff in your hard-earned

cash, and sleep tight. Enjoy peace-of-mind over mattress.

Then, if the stock market collapses or business sags, you won't lie awake nights. You'll doze off peacefully — counting that extra support you've got in your Bootyrest.

It's much better than counting sheep!

Buy a Bootyrest "Night Depository" and start hoarding today. It's the mattress with the money-back guarantee!

Ordinary mattress sags as economy sags. You toss and turn.



Bootyrest has support of firm cash. You sleep like a log.



BOOTYREST
by ZIPPIN\$

THE MATTRESS WITH
THE SAVING GRACE

A MAD AD PARODY



WHAT WORLD
HEAVYWEIGHT
HAS RECENTLY
TAKEN A DIVE?

SWIPE FROM B TO A TO FOLD



A B



THE ALL-MIGHTY

DOLLAR

A B